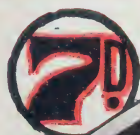


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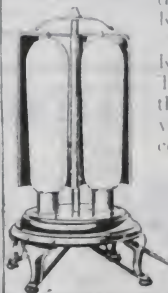
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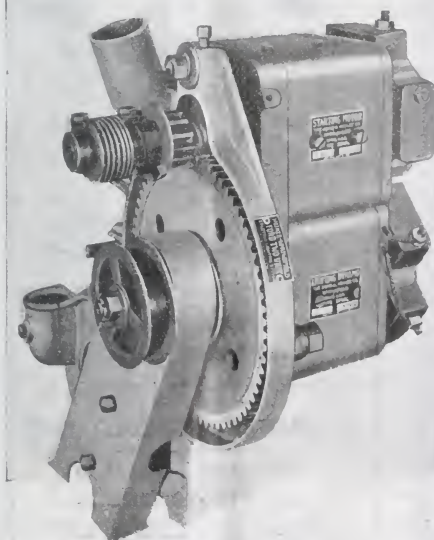
OF REVIEWS.

EDITED BY HENRY STEAD

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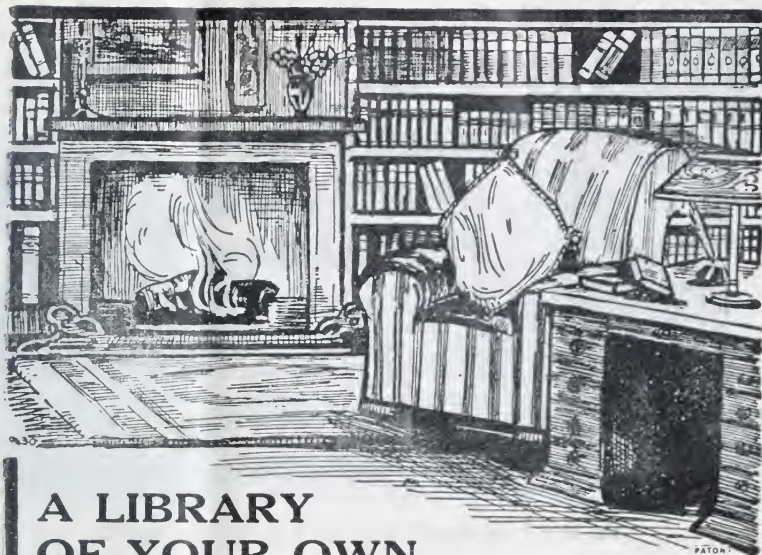
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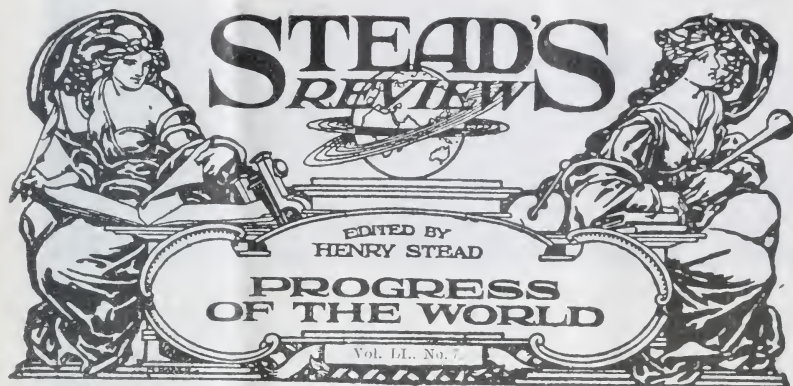
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MARCH 29, 1919.

Is an Alliance with Germany Possible?

Many months ago I suggested that before the European struggle was over we would find Allied and German soldiers fighting shoulder to shoulder against the Russian Bolsheviks and the dramatic events of the last few days certainly bring that amazing possibility much nearer. There are those who would be shocked and bitterly resentful if such a thing happened, for they would feel that help from the Germans would defile them as would pitch from hell. Yet, astonishing as it may seem, the men who have had the actual fighting to do in the muddy trenches and water-logged shell holes of France and Flanders would not be animated by any such feeling. The prospective need, for uniting with our late foes against a common danger throws into strong relief what is perhaps the most horrid thing in connection with wars. I refer to the need which always exists to artificially create an, at first, non-existent hate. The first duty of hostile Governments is to breed a bitter hatred in their peoples of those against whom they are waging war. If hate did not exist wars would automatically cease shortly after they began. Even in conscript countries this

hate propaganda was necessary. In those which relied upon volunteer armies it was indispensable.

The Need for Manufacturing Hate.

Undoubtedly the invading Germans perpetrated horrible deeds in Belgium, but that the most exaggerated reports of atrocities were circulated broadcast throughout the world must now be admitted. Why, there are even yet people who absolutely believe that the Germans systematically chopped off the hands of thousands of Belgian children and still assert that many of these poor little victims are to be found in Australia! Terrible doings we know there were, but this particular atrocity, which was used more assiduously than any other in the hate propaganda, is now admitted to have had no real foundation in fact. Many other similar instances could be given. We refused to believe for a moment, during the fighting years, that the Germans had the slightest justification for their statements about Allied actions which brought about retaliation. Yet those who followed the neutral papers were fully aware that there was real ground for the assertions that Belgian civilians fired on



IN THE HUNGARIAN CAPITAL—WHERE ANARCHY NOW REIGNS

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the enemy soldiers, and that wounded men in hospital at Liege and elsewhere were murdered in cold blood. These things did not mitigate the German actions, but explained them to some extent.

Hate Propaganda on Both Sides.

Reports have been published telling of the humane, even courteous, manner in which German prisoners were treated in England, in marked contrast to the horrid way in which the Germans dealt with their hapless captives, but, even yet, the report of the Swiss Red Cross Commission on the luckless German prisoners in Algeria is known to very few. Undoubtedly the Germans did use their prisoners in some cases with the utmost brutality, and those responsible ought to be punished, but, in the main, the treatment meted out was in accordance with international law. Meagre rations and our blockade were closely related. The need for creating a sentiment of hate against the Boers during the South African war was responsible for the wild and bitter accusations made against our present fellow subjects, and the need for fanning antipathy into a flame of hatred against the Germans is responsible for many of the accusations made against them during the course of the fighting. I don't suggest for a moment that there were not hellish atrocities committed, but I do maintain that many of the cases reported had no basis in fact, and that in others there was much exaggeration. Nor would I be disposed to acquiesce in the general assumption that, merely because a man, whether Russian, Serbian, Italian, French, English, American or Portuguese, happened to be fighting on the side of the Allies, that made it absolutely impossible for him to be guilty of atrocious conduct. The main difference between the Allies and Germany lay in the fact that the military authorities of the latter believed in and carried out a policy of organised frightfulness to enable them to hold down a hostile people with a small force, whereas the former did not subscribe to any such doctrine.

Fanning Antipathy.

The German conscript armies, like those of France, Italy and England, were composed of ordinary citizens. They were forced to go and fight whether they desired so to do or not, the alternative was to be put up against a wall and shot out of hand. It is difficult to believe that the German civilian, forced to be a soldier, would act any more horribly in

carrying out his duties than would the conscripted civilians who opposed him. The high military officers, trained solely for war, might, and did, issue orders for inhuman acts which had to be carried out, but the individual German soldier fought fairly enough, and there is little personal hatred towards him shown by the soldiers who have come back. In fact, these men, for the most part, laugh to scorn many of our most cherished illusions as to the barbarous manner in which the Germans fought, as to their treatment of civilians in the occupied territories, as to their inhuman attitude towards prisoners. Exactly the same campaign of hate was carried out in Germany as in England and Australia. Our text was atrocities, theirs the deliberate attempt of Great Britain to kill old men, women and babies by slow starvation. Needless to say, they put our blockade in the worst possible light, and justified the doings of their submarines on the ground that it was fair retaliation to attempt to starve old men, women and babies in England, and, that the only way to do this was to sink as many ships as possible. Their papers further justify the horrible treatment which was sometimes meted out to escaping crews by accounts of the doings of our famous mystery ships which did not hesitate to lure the submarine within range by appeals for help on the ground that women and children were on board. And so on and so forth. The German people were probably worse misled than were we, badly as we were camouflaged on many matters. It was, unfortunately, immensely easy to create this necessary hatred. It will take generations to get rid of it, though the spectacle of British and Germans uniting to protect Europe from Bolshevism would probably allay it more rapidly than anything else.

What Bolshevism Offers the Worker..

The present state of affairs in Europe is infinitely more serious than most people seem to imagine. To combat Bolshevism is going to be a far more difficult task than was the combating of Prussianism. The fundamental difference between the two, is that, whilst Prussianism made no converts, Bolshevism appeals strongly to masses of European people, no matter where they happen to be living. The former was all for strengthening the old order with its antiquated system of government and its suppression of the proletariat. The latter is all for the upsetting of the old order for giving the proletariat complete control

over national affairs. It is all very well for us here in happy Australia to express amazement at the spread of Bolshevism in Europe. The wild programme of these advanced Socialists would not appeal to people living as we do in comfort and under enlightened Government. Our workers, many of them, own their own houses, have respectable deposits in the savings banks, know that they can always earn good wages. How different in Europe. Long hours of work, low wages, heavy rents, impossibility to ever own his own house or possess a foot of land, can we wonder that the oppressed worker in factory, mine, or farm hearkens to the preaching of the Bolshevik who promise the cutting up of the great estates and their division amongst the land workers, who tell of high wages, short hours, and control of factories and mines, who talk of universal equality where all alike must work for the good of the community? The Bolshevik proposals which have been most talked about here are not by any means their most important ones; in fact, we may take it for granted the Magyar peasant, the Galician miner, the Polish factory hand cares nothing at all about proposals for the "nationalisation" of women and the like. All he is concerned with is that Bolshevism apparently offers him an opportunity of vastly improving his lot *immediately*. No scheme put before him by the Allies or the democrats of Germany and Austria looks like bettering his condition for years. Remember, too, that the man who tells him about this splendid possibility has actually seen the peasant in Russia endowed with the land on which he has worked all his life for another, has actually been in the factories where high wages are paid, short hours are worked, and the hands themselves control the business. The appeal to the crushed worker of Hungary, Austria, Bohemia, Poland and Germany is surely irresistible. What alternative can be offered him?

How to Combat This Insidious Thing.

Prussian shells were countered by the spade, Prussian gas was defeated by the face mask of the scientist, but what defence can be put up against Bolshevik doctrines? Far more insidious these than poison gas or choking fumes, infinitely difficult to combat. As I pointed out in our last number, hunger was their spawning ground and unemployment their propagating field. Eliminate these two factors and Bolshevik tendencies would hardly become formidable. But what is to be done when, hatched

in hunger and grown in unemployment, Bolshevism begins to sweep westwards through the masses. Inevitably it must take root and bear terrible fruit everywhere, unless in some way its promises can be nipped in the bud by immediate concessions to the workers which will greatly better their condition. Had not this fact been fully realised by the Government in England, the Sankey report would never have been adopted. Imagine a Government composed very largely of men who strongly opposed the granting of Old Age Pensions, who vehemently objected to national insurance, who always looked at labour troubles through the employer's glasses, formally recognising the six-hour day, and agreeing to increases in wages which will permanently send up the price of coal, and undertaking to find houses for miners throughout the country! Never before has so immense a concession been made to the worker. Hitherto he has had to fight for penny increases per day, has had to battle fiercely for the smallest reduction in working hours, has always had to shift for himself as best he can in the matter of housing. The fear of Bolshevism is the direct cause of the huge improvement in the lives of the British coal miners—of that there cannot be the slightest doubt. Although these concessions were won by threat of strike, they were not demanded at the point of the bayonet as in Russia, Hungary and elsewhere. In an enlightened community, such as the British, the common sense of most holds the extremists in check. It is possible to secure improved conditions by constitutional means, and in such communities the danger of Bolshevism is not very great.

A Short Cut to Utopia.

It is far otherwise in countries whose social development has lamentably lagged behind industrial progress. The conditions of the worker are so bad that the step from the existing state to that which ought to obtain, is too great to be accomplished by the methods which have proved successful elsewhere. It took decades to get the principle of the eight hours' day recognised in Great Britain, and required the war to jolt the Americans out of the nine hours' day to which they had become accustomed. The way, after years of striving, was more or less prepared for further improvements. In parts of the Continent, though, nothing but force would induce the great landowners to loosen their grip on hereditary acres, or compel the great industrial magnates to make concessions to enormously improve

the condition of the worker. By timely action England should escape Bolshevism, but it is certainly a very open question whether other countries will be equally fortunate. The German programme is very drastic, and would notably benefit the workers, but the Government's position is immensely difficult. Before the proposed alterations in the social life of the community can be put in force food must be provided, employment must be given, order must be restored. Whilst these things are being done Bolshevik propaganda is busy. Its emissaries can point to the failure of the Weimar Government to do those things it promised to do. The people may not be willing to wait. They want Utopia in a hurry, and the Bolshevik short cut must be extremely tempting. The Germans, being the best educated people in Europe, cannot but be sensible of the difficulties which surround their elected Assembly, and are less likely to succumb to the Bolshevism than a less enlightened people.

Where Bolshevism Becomes Rampant.

In Hungary, in Poland, in Roumania, in Bohemia, in Austria, and, perchance, in Italy, we may expect Bolshevism to make great headway. Its success is in direct relation to the condition of the workers. Where this is bad, Bolshevism becomes rampant. Where it is fairly good Bolshevism can be countered by prompt efforts to really improve the lot of the worker. Where it is very good indeed, as in Australia, Bolshevism of the kind which has overrun Russia can never get a footing. We have been amazed at the rapid spread of Bolshevism on the Continent chiefly because we do not realise the conditions under which the great bulk of the people live, and also because we have been fed on anti-Bolshevik propaganda, which selects the most extreme and impractical parts of the Russian programme to present to our notice, and altogether fails to tell of the parts which directly appeal to the down-trodden worker. In endeavouring to estimate what will happen in Europe in the immediate future, we must always remember that the Bolshevik creed, instead of being, as we suppose, repugnant to any thinking man, is vastly attractive in its main features to the bulk of European workers.

The Russians in Hungary.

The marked success which has followed the efforts of the Russian Government to win back its lost provinces, ought to have prepared us for the boiling over of Bol-

shevism into adjacent countries. This success was so hidden in ambiguous cables that the sudden announcement that Hungary was actually in the hands of the extremists came as a nasty jar to everyone. Having swept over Hungary, how long will it be, we ask, before this insidious thing overruns the whole of Europe? It is altogether useless to march armies against Bolshevism, for it is not on force that the Bolsheviks rely. They may be defeated in the field, but nevertheless they prevail because the armies opposed to them, consisting as they do for the most part of ill-paid workers, themselves become converts to the Bolshevik ideals. Napoleon, despite his far superior military tactics, was defeated by the Prussians and Russians at Leipzig because thousands of the soldiers under his command deserted to his foes. The Ukrainians collect an army and smash the Red Guards. Not long after, reinforced by the very men who had previously defeated them, the Red Guards defeat the Ukrainians and force their way to the gates of Odessa. If it were merely a Prussian army closing on this Black Sea port the Allies could no doubt hold it with comparative ease. It is practically certain that, faced with an ill-equipped, badly led, non-descript force of Red Guards, the Allies, despite all their protests, will be obliged to evacuate the city. They will be constrained to do this because the virus of Bolshevism will spread throughout Odessa, will attack even the Allied soldiery, will seduce the Ukrainians. The foe without could easily be held at a distance. The foe within cannot be combated. Once the workers adopt the Bolshevik creed it is hopeless to try military force, for the workers vastly outnumber the other inhabitants, and these must submit or be destroyed. Only later, when the workers realise that Bolshevism had not brought, cannot bring the millennium, will the reaction begin. I have dealt with Bolshevism at this length in order to indicate why I consider it certain that we will soon witness an alliance between former foes against a new enemy.

A Republic in Roumania Soon.

The only perfectly obvious result of the Bolshevik invasion of Hungary is that Roumania will again be in the toils. Other results must of course follow, but what they will be it is extremely difficult to forecast. There is, by the way, grim irony in this alliance between Magyar and Russian which terribly threatens the safety of

Europe, because it was the tramp of thousands of Russian soldiers not so long ago which sounded the death knell of Hungarian freedom. Now the liberated Russians are assisting the peasants of Hungary to throw over their masters, and seize the reins of Government themselves. The Roumanians have swarmed over the Carpathians, and have possessed themselves of the fair lands of Transylvania. We know, however, that they have not brought complete freedom to their own folk, for in Roumania proper the old system of landlordism still obtains. Before the late war the Roumanian peasants had risen in revolt against the taskmasters their absent landlords had set over them, and their lot, the tide of war having swept over them, is likely to be even worse now than it was then. The Magyars resent the intrusion of the Roumanians; that we may take for granted, and they will certainly strive to prevent the King of Roumania establishing his rule over Transylvania. The king's armies, composed of peasants and workers, must soon become infected with Bolshevism, will not prevail for long against the Red Guards of Russia and Hungary. Early successes may be looked for, but internal upheaval, the abdication of the king, and the setting up of a republic in alliance with Russia and Hungary, will almost certainly follow. Bolshevism is not likely to spread further south into the Balkans, as the Bulgars will hardly succumb to its doctrines. These dour folk live under far happier conditions than do the Roumanian peasants. Roumania is cursed with an aristocracy whose nobles have had little consideration for their serfs or workers. There is no aristocracy at all in Bulgaria. The people themselves largely own the land, and a peasant proprietor has a direct interest in maintaining order which the farm labourer has not.

Bohemia and Germany.

Bulgaria will prove a valuable bulwark in the south. In the north, however, Bolshevik influence will certainly increase. In Bohemia the Czechs have come to power, and, united with the Slovaks, have set up an independent republic. But within their borders are millions of Germans, and their frontiers are already the subject of armed argument with their Polish and Hungarian neighbours. Reinforced by the Russians, and carrying the banner of Bolshevism, the Magyars will without doubt drive across the borders of Czecho-Slovakia. There they will win recruits, although they

must encounter violent opposition. Clearly Bohemia, with a hostile Poland at her back, cannot alone hope to resist the Russo-Magyars. Inevitably, as the Bolshevik attack develops, the Bohemians will be forced to turn to their Austro-German neighbours for assistance. That could hardly be given without Allied approval, and in any case would only be extended on conditions which would add Bohemia to the Teutonic Federation. The Czechs hate the Germans with a whole-hearted hatred, and it is conceivable that they would rather embrace Bolshevism than accept Teutonic help. But the choice will undoubtedly have to be made, and that quickly. In the event of Bolshevism triumphing in Czecho-Slovakia, the Teutonic fringe of Bohemia would secede to Germany, and, under the circumstances, such secession could not be opposed by the Allies. Although we still speak of a friendly republic of Ukraina, that state has clearly been overrun by the Bolsheviks, and must soon be closely joined to Russia proper. The Soviet system of government permits entire home rule in Ukraina, and in any province united with Russia, so that Ukrainian independence would not be effected. But the Ukrainians have a fierce quarrel with the Poles, and allied with the Russians, they will undoubtedly attempt to prevent the Poles from securing Galicia and other districts.

Could the League of Nations Enforce its Will?

The League of Nations has been held up to ridicule because the Polish position is said to demonstrate that when a real emergency arose, no notice would be taken of its orders. The Peace Conference has issued certain instructions to the Poles, and the Czechs, and the Germans, which have not been carried out. This is due to the internal strife in the countries of the first two peoples, and to the German refusal to permit the Poles to occupy territory admittedly Prussian. But the fact that the Conference cannot enforce its orders in distracted Europe does not at all mean that the League could not do so after Peace has been restored. The League will have to deal with established governments which have their people behind them. The Conference has to do with Governments precariously set over a quarrelling populace. These Governments have no real control, and whilst they themselves would dread the stoppage of supplies, the people, who have none at all, feel that their plight could be no worse, and proceed to defy all authority. Poland in Allied counsels is

regarded as a buffer state, the first object of which is to cut Germany off from Russia. Such a state could only be maintained by Allied assistance in the event of Russia proving hostile. The Bolsheviki are apparently preparing an army to invade Poland. Who is going to stop them? Dare the Allies risk sending a formidable force into the country, a force which, whilst facing the Russians, would have Germans at its back, and whose communications with the outer world ran precariously through Prussia to the Baltic? To send an Allied army to Poland without a thorough understanding with Germany would be suicidal. Fortunately, it is to the interest of Germany to have a buffer state between her frontiers and Russia, but the assistance of Germany in setting up a Polish kingdom would only be given on condition that territory, peopled by German nationals, was not added to it.

If Germany Rejects the Peace Terms?

I am now assuming that the Allied terms are such that the German Government will accept them. If they are so drastic that the Germans refuse to agree to them, and fall back on a system of passive resistance, the Bolshevik element in the country would be immensely strengthened, and the Allies would quite likely be faced with a Russo-German combination before which Poland would vanish altogether. The cables from Paris are now all pointing to modification of the Allies' demands. The Bolshevik activity has helped to convince our statesmen that we are absolutely bound by the Fourteen Articles, which forbid the payment of Allied war costs by Germany, prohibit economic boycotts, and the annexation of purely German territory. A Peace on these lines would be accepted by Germany; supplies would pour into the country, unemployment would cease, and the promised reforms would be carried out. Order restored, the German Government would be as anxious as those of France and Great Britain to check the Bolshevik advance, and the alliance I have foreshadowed would come into being for the rescue of Poland and the curbing of Russia. If Clemenceau, and Orlando and Hughes have their way, the terms of Peace would demand a gigantic indemnity, would insist on the cession of the west Rhine provinces to France, the giving of Danzig and a wide strip of Prussia, peopled by 3,000,000 Germans to Poland, and would inaugurate a world boycott of German goods. Such terms the German Govern-

ment would never dare accept, and without food, without raw materials, the people would speedily embrace Bolshevism. In that event the danger now knocking on Germany's eastern frontiers would directly threaten France and Italy, even Britain herself. Even if the Allies had been able to escape from their promises concerning the Fourteen Articles, the present state of affairs in Europe makes it absolutely certain, to my mind, that the terms of Peace now to be imposed will contain none of those drastic provisions which Mr. Hughes and others have been clamouring for.

An Anglo-American Alliance.

It has been clear enough all along that the delay in formulating the Peace terms was not due to the inclusion therein of the League of Nations, to which all parties long ago agreed, but to the impossibility of reconciling the demands of certain of the Allies with the Fourteen Articles, and the desires of other Allies. Even Keith Murdoch, the apostle of the anti-Americans, who has steadily asserted that it was President Wilson who was holding up the Conference with his insistence in the inclusion of the League of Nations in the Peace Treaty, has now to reluctantly admit that the French demand for the Saar Valley and for the Provinces of the left bank of the Rhine, the demand of Italy for Fiume and Dalmatia, the demand of the Japanese for equal rights the world over, and the disagreement about the Polish link with Danzig, are the real reasons why Peace has not yet been made. It must be a grievous surprise to those who have so violently railed against President Wilson and his idealism to find Lloyd George associated with him in opposing the extremist demands for indemnities, boycotts, cession of territory and the like. This union between the chief English speaking delegates at the Conference is immensely important, for England and America together dominate the situation.

Japan's Demands.

During the war all sorts of stories were circulated concerning the bargains Japan was driving in connection with the help she was giving the Allies, but, of course, no reference to these rumours was allowed. It was asserted, for instance, that the condition made by the Tokio Government for sending an army to Europe was that Japanese were to be allowed free access into every country in the world. It is conceiv-

able that, in their dire extremity, the Allies did consider the question of securing active Japanese assistance in France, but the task of transporting even a million men from one side of the world to the other was plainly beyond the shipping resources of the *Entente* Governments, and the proposal could never have been seriously pressed. It is now known that a definite understanding concerning the Pacific Islands was reached during the war between England and Japan, an understanding which Mr. Hughes' dramatic protests could not affect in the slightest. We now learn, by the way, that our Prime Minister has suddenly acquiesced in the arrangement. Of course he has—he had no option in the matter. Throughout the entire struggle Japan has been treated as a valuable ally, and an equal by all the Allies—with the possible exception of the United States—and all the Dominions. Australia has welcomed Japanese warships, which helped to convoy her soldiers to the front, has gladly accepted Japanese assistance in sweeping the Pacific for enemy raiders. Undoubtedly Japan has been of great use, but at the same time it is true that the Allies could have got on quite well without her. After all, the battle cruiser *Australia* was the one vessel Admiral Spee dreaded. Our first contingent, escorted by the Japanese *Abouki*, the *Melbourne* and the *Sydney*, would have been quite safe in the care of the last two cruisers alone, and the systematic sweeping of the Pacific for the *Wolf* and *See Adler* could have been accomplished, though less efficiently, had the Japanese navy not participated. It is easy now to point these things out, the trouble is that, during the war, we were very eager to accept Japanese help, and, having done so, must now be prepared to face the consequences. The United States is in a very different position. She is under no obligation whatever to the Japanese, whereas undoubtedly we are.

Let Us Bargain Together.

That the Japanese would insistently demand equal rights the world over when the final settlement came to be made was sure. Will that demand be pressed, and if so how will it be met? I do not think it will be pushed to the breaking point, but if the Japanese went so far as actually to retire from the Conference unless their claims are granted, it is difficult to see how Australia could avoid making payment by literal concessions for the help she has had during the last four years in order to get

them back again. When one comes to examine the matter, the Japanese have, after all, very little to lose by withdrawing from Paris. An agreement with England gives them the German islands north of the Equator. A forced Treaty with China gives them Kiau Chau and all the German concessions. The Russian disposition gives them more or less a free hand in Manchuria, Mongolia and Eastern Siberia. They have in fact already got all that they want. They are no longer dependent financially on England. All the same, it is unlikely that they would withdraw from the Conference on the question of equal treatment, for such withdrawal could not secure it for them. It is far more likely that they will bargain in the matter, and by agreeing to push it no further secure recognition by the Allies of their Treaty with China and approval of their claims in Siberia. It is perfectly possible that to meet the wishes of Australia with regard to the non-admission of Japanese to the Commonwealth, China may be delivered over to the men of Nippon. It is indeed a most serious thing, but one which is almost certain to happen. Naturally under the circumstances, the Peace Conference will take no more action in regard to Korea than with regard to Egypt or Ireland. At the last Hague Conference the Koreans tried desperately to secure recognition, but were barred by the Japanese, and, after sitting for some weeks on the doorstep of the Conference, they drifted away from the Hague a melancholy and universally pitied delegation. The violent demands of the Koreans for self-government and liberation from the Japanese yoke may possibly be justified, but they are inconvenient, and will not be considered. The quickly suppressed rising in Egypt comes under the same category, but admittedly British rule on the Nile is far milder than Japanese on the Yalu. The aim of the latter is to Nipponese Korea. The use of the Japanese language is compulsory, and Japanese fill all responsible positions. In Egypt, on the other hand, the aim of the British is to help the people to help themselves. Some of them think they can run before they can walk, and troubles therefore arise.

The Italians and Fiume.

The persistent claim of the Italians for Fiume will hardly be agreed to. Dalmatia and the islands they will no doubt obtain owing to the secret Treaty with France and England, but Fiume was not mentioned

therein. The Italian demand for the city is based on grounds of nationality, for the vigorous seaport, with its constantly increasing Hungarian trade, attracted the Italians, who are the business men of the Adriatic. Fiume was rapidly developing into a rival of Trieste, and it is clear enough that, with the latter in Italian hands, Fiume would get all the trade of the districts which used to feed Trieste, apart from the large section, which will be diverted to German ports. Italian occupation of Trieste must automatically cause the place to steadily decline in importance, especially if Fiume were in the hands of the Jugo-Slavs. By annexing Fiume also the Italians would compel the Serbs and the Hungarians and the Austrians to seek other less convenient outlets in the Baltic and the Ægean, or force them to make use of these two ports, to the immense benefit of the Italian traders and business men. It looks very much as if the Italian Government fully realises that Trieste would be doomed as a great seaport if Fiume, the natural outlet of Jugo-Slavia and Hungary, were annexed by Greater Serbia. Therefore, it insists that Fiume shall labour under the same disadvantages as Trieste, and hopes, in that event, that Trieste will remain a great port, will not dwindle into insignificance, as other Italian cities on the Adriatic have done. The statesmen assembled in Paris will hardly agree to the sealing up of the new Jugo-Slav-Serbian state, nor are they likely to view the forcing of Hungarian, Austrian and Bohemian trade into German channels with equanimity. The probable solution will be the internationalisation of Fiume.

That Polish Corridor.

A similar outcome is probable in the case of Danzig. The thirteenth of the Fourteen Articles accepted by the Allies and Germany provides that Poland should be assured a free and secure access to the sea. The natural port of Poland is Danzig, but in view of the fact that the bulk of the population of Danzig is German, the natural assumption was that it would once more become a free town, as it used to be in the Middle Ages, when it acknowledged the suzerainty of Poland, Prussia or Denmark. Even when it was in the hands of the French, Napoleon declared it a free town. It has been Prussian, with a brief interlude, since 1793, but it first became important and famous when in the hands of the Teutonic knights in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. To stimulate trade

the Germans made Neufahrwasser, at the mouth of the Vistula, close to Danzig, a free port. The Peace delegates have, however, encountered serious difficulty in arranging the connecting link between Poland and Danzig. The proposed corridor has the river Vistula in the centre, and, in order to place that river beyond the reach of long range artillery, a very wide strip of territory on either side is to become Polish. The width of the corridor can be gauged by the statement of the Commission that no fewer than 3,000,000 Germans are at present living in it. Lloyd George strongly opposes so great a cession of territory, holding that the thrusting of so many Germans under Polish control is unwise, and further that the corridor entirely cuts East Prussia off from the rest of Germany. Those in favour of the wide corridor declare it necessary to make the Vistula safe, but that seems a strange argument. If, despite the League of Nations, Germany and Poland were later on to go to war, aeroplanes would reach the Vistula, whether the corridor were wide or narrow. All that Poland wants is the right to use the Vistula, and the parallel railways to convey her exports and imports to and from Danzig. This could easily be arranged in times of Peace. Should war once more break out, the corridor, irrespective of its width, would be broken. To hold the Vistula, the Poles would immediately have to overrun East Prussia. They would be obliged to do that no matter what the size of the corridor. Whatever final arrangement is made there would have to be lanes across the corridor in times of Peace to allow free communication between East Prussia and Germany.

Where is General Haller?

The entire Polish situation is complicated now by the advance of the Red Guards from Russia, and the spread of Bolshevism amongst the Poles themselves. The task of fixing boundaries for the new states is infinitely greater than people imagine, and it will be years before those of Poland, Bohemia, Greater Serbia and the rest are finally delimited. The Poles, in view of the Russian invasion which threatens, are urging the sending of the Polish forces from France, with much equipment. The Allies demand that General Haller and this force be allowed to land at Danzig, but this the Germans oppose, offering Königsberg as a landing place instead. The Allies are insisting on Danzig, and in the end the Poles will

probably land there, but hardly before the Peace terms have been presented. It is worth recalling that months ago we were reading cables telling of the arrival of the Polish forces from France in Thorn, and of their actions against the Germans in Posen. And yet some people still credit every bit of news which comes over the cables from Europe!

How Far Can We Safely Push Them?

The possibility of the German Government refusing to agree to the Peace terms is being increasingly discussed. It is being realised that the Allies could not attempt the task of settling Germany, and could not undertake to collect indemnities themselves. The army in occupation of the districts west of the Rhine is estimated to be costing £350,000,000 annually. To occupy the whole of Germany would be not only a gigantic, but also a most costly business. Not only would Germany be expected to pay the huge sum which her Government had refused to agree to, but she would also have to pay the heavy cost of the army of occupation. This would never be done, and the Allies would merely add to, instead of lightening, their heavy war expenditure. In their attempt to collect an indemnity the Allies would be compelled to foster German industries, and to urge their people the world over to purchase German goods. Truly, an extraordinary position! A German refusal to ratify is unlikely, because the terms will be nothing like as severe as many people at first demanded they should be. The formula is no longer, "Make Germany pay"; it is "What can Germany afford to pay?"—an entirely different thing. The Peace terms are being drawn up on the basis of what can the Germans stand in the way of imports and loss of territory? The question now is, "How far can we safely push them?" and the old cry, "Push them to the uttermost!" has disappeared altogether.

The Stumbling-Block.

The Italian demands for Dalmatia and Fiume, and the Aegean Island are not likely to delay the drawing up of Peace terms for Germany. The principal stumbling block in the way of a speedy settlement is the French demand for the Saar Valley and for the Rhine as Germany's western frontier. In view of the Fourteen Articles, it seems to me quite unlikely that the French claim will be agreed to by either President Wilson or Lloyd George. It will, of course, be supported by Sig. Orlando, at the price of French backing in his Fiume demand; but

we may be quite sure that this desire of the French is the reason for the long and grave discussions between the four statesmen, whose decisions must be accepted without question by the Conference. Keith Murdoch has done brilliantly as a reporter of the things of the Conference, without him we should have known little of what has been going on. It is indeed a pity that, in his cables, he should have adopted an anti-American attitude, which is absent from his letters. One of these, which appeared in the *Herald* of yesterday, ought to be read by everyone who wishes to get a true idea of the relative importance of things and people at the Conference. He therein confirms my forecast of November last that inevitably the Conference would have to follow the lines of that held at the Hague in 1907, where the principal delegates made the real decision and the host of lesser men at the plenary meetings obediently agreed to what they had decided.

The Correct Proportion at Last.

Mr. Hughes, in a recent letter to one of his Bendigo supporters, gave the impression that he was one of the most important men in Paris, and cables have certainly suggested that he was doing wonders. The following word picture of Mr. Murdoch conveys an idea of the real position better than anything else I have yet read:—

The Dominion plenipotentiaries were sad and perplexed after their first appearance before the Council of Ten. They had not thought it would be anything like this. They had meant to sit in the seats of the mighty and rule the world. All were to gather round a table, big nations and small; resounding speeches were to be made, and history was to be written. Great names . . . fame . . . destiny! And a new place in the world's records for their countries.

But what happened! This Council of Ten sat alone and isolated. The Ten ruled and judged—a frigid Ten. There were only ten great ones. All others who entered the room were humble petitioners. No court was ever colder, no bench less responsible. The very chamber seemed designed to enhance the Ten's mightiness. It was Mr. Pichon's chamber at the Quai d'Orsay. It is an imposing, dazzling room, with magnificent tapestries covering the walls and gold and marble strewn about. The Ten were seated along one side in chairs like thrones. Clemenceau, with his Mongol cast of face and deep, penetrating eyes—Clemenceau, the sympathetic, who did not scruple to hide his amusements—Wilson, raw, formal, a pillar, with sharp superciliousness and unbelief stamped on his gnarled face. Balfour, frowzy, distant. The Japanese, unsmiling, and unmixing. Sonnino, ruthless for Italy. Even Lloyd George lapsed into

the aloofness of judgeship. And the three Dominion delegates were left to stammer out their cases as best they could.

The Men Who Will Settle the Fate of the World.

The Council of Ten has now been reduced to four—the octogenarian Clemenceau; the inscrutable, idealistic Wilson, verging on sixty; the intensely national Orlando, aged fifty-eight; and the energetic, tactful Lloyd George, whose knowledge of Europe and European conditions is admittedly far less than that of his three colleagues. In the settlement of the final terms the Japanese representative has been excluded. These great four are deciding the fate of the world, and they are grouped in couples—Wilson and Lloyd George standing for the new thought, the wide vision, the setting of the world on a better basis; Clemenceau and Orlando standing for the old order. They want a “good old-fashioned Peace,” they would avoid the danger of future war, by crushing Germany utterly. Their faith in the League of Nations is small. Which is going to win out—the new order or the old? Presumably, the Big Four confer in English, as both Clemenceau and Orlando speak it perfectly. Lloyd George did not know French at all five years ago, and President Wilson is hardly at home in it. It is probable that the terms will be ready for presentation towards the end of April. If accepted, the blockade would be raised at once; if rejected, it would presumably be continued, though difficulties with neutrals are becoming greater.

Who Will Control the Phosphates of Nauru?

The somewhat naïf cables about the controversy over Nauru are amusing reading. According to them, the Colonial Office in London was blissfully unaware of the existence of such an island, was only reminded of it being on the map by the wrangle between the Prime Ministers of Australia and New Zealand as to who should get this richest of all the Pacific plums! The suggestion is too utterly ridiculous for credence, but the sudden emergence of Mr. Massey with a “masterly” note, pressing New Zealand’s claims, certainly suggests that the Colonial Office was anxious to secure the island, and adopted this happy means of so doing. The real possessors of the island in question are the Pacific Phosphate Company, and the real question is not whether Australia, New Zealand or Great Britain shall administer it, but whether the immensely rich deposits there are to be worked for the benefit of a

private company or for the Empire as a whole. As the German colonies are to be valued and set against the reparation payment Germany has to make, Nauru, with its millions of pounds worth of valuable phosphates, will cancel quite a large part of the German indebtedness. The Americans strongly opposed the view that the capture of the German submarine cables conveyed their legal title to the captor, and their contention has been upheld by the commission of enquiry. It is an established fact in international law that private property is inviolable. Merely because you happen to capture a civilian in occupied territory, you are not entitled to deprive him of his clothes. Even in war time they continue to belong to him, though, if your need is great, you may hire them from him and return them to him when the war is over. So many people appear to imagine that war nowadays, as in the Middle Ages, permits the wholesale confiscation of enemy property, no matter where it is found. Even the Germans paid for the railways of Alsace-Lorraine when they took over the provinces in 1871, and it is perfectly certain that France will again have to purchase these when she takes the provinces back. What happened in 1871 will happen now. The value of the railways was deducted from the indemnity demanded from France. The railways were valued at 352,000,000 francs, and this sum was deducted from the 5,000,000,000 franc indemnity. In consequence France paid only 4,648,000,000 francs in cash.

A Common Illusion.

In the old days, when one nation conquered another, it proceeded to enslave the defeated population, and to parcel out their lands amongst its own citizens. There was immediate tangible advantage to be won by a war of conquest. When Germany conquered France, and took from her Alsace-Lorraine, she also conquered and annexed the people dwelling there, who owned the land. It happened that huge deposits of iron, deemed valueless when the provinces were annexed, were found later to be of immense value, and Germany as a whole benefited thereby, but benefited only because of the nearness of the iron fields and the fact that the metal entered Germany duty free. Actually had Lorraine remained in French hands, and had there been no tariff barrier, the German manufacturers would have paid not a penny more for the iron won from the Briev

mines. These mines gave no direct revenue to the State; they enriched the shareholders, by no means all German, in the companies who worked them. Supposing the French annex the Saar coal fields, it will not benefit the French Government at all, nor will the possession of these mines enable the Finance Minister to reduce taxation by a single sou. The mines will continue to belong to the companies that work them. The shareholders can be bought out perhaps, but only at the market value of their shares. The farmers who own and cultivate land in the Saar Valley must be left in possession. If they elect to remain their property cannot be taken from them. They cannot be taxed any higher than are other farmers in France. All that the French get out of them is the payment of taxes, and in return therefore the authorities must protect them, and spend money on keeping public utilities going. At the moment, of course, the possession of the Saar mines would insure France getting cheap coal, but that could be secured by making it a condition of Peace that the Saar field was to supply France until her own coal mines were again in working order. In any case, as I pointed out long ago, France would have to send the Briey iron to Germany for treatment, as she has not enough foundries to smelt it herself. We still hang on to the old futile idea that a State becomes wealthier the more its boundaries expand. That is not so at all. Take an illustration near at hand. How much better off would the man in the street be if we annexed German New Guinea? He cannot go up there and peg out a claim. He would not even be able to spend his money by purchasing anything grown there. The Government would get no money out of the place by taxation above what was required to carry on the administration, and for many, many years the Commonwealth would have to subsidise the place. Yet a very large additional area of the earth's surface would be painted red on the map, and it would look very good to us! The taking over of un settled and productive land is far more likely to benefit the conqueror than the taking over of thickly populated territory whose products and methods of life would be not at all altered by a change of owner ship, but who would nurse an ever growing feeling of bitterness against their new masters.

What Germany Will Pay.

There has been a tremendous lot of nonsense talked about forcing Germany to pay

huge indemnities, but it is being at last confessed that the utmost she can be expected to do will be to provide the money for making good damage, and, as I have so often pointed out, even this payment will largely be made in kind. I must confess that when I read the cables to-day telling of the probability of Germany refusing to agree to a drastic Peace, leaving the Allies to do their own collecting, and those telling of the discovery by the delegates that no indemnity will be paid, I recall with considerable satisfaction what I wrote on these matters over three months ago. Alas, for reasons which my readers will understand, many of the arguments I deduced, and which I considered convincing, never saw the light—to-day everyone is using them. On November 9th—two days before the Germans accepted the Armistice conditions and the war ended, I pointed out that there would be no indemnity, and in that and subsequent numbers estimated the amount of reparation that would have to be paid at about £2,000,000,000. Taking the tonnage admitted sunk at that time—we admit more now—I reckoned that the payment for replacing ships would be about £150,000,000 at the outside. Five months later, after rivers of talk about gigantic indemnities and payments of £30,000,000,000 and the like, the actual figures I reached in my estimate are being mentioned as the most likely sums to be paid! At the same time I expressed the opinion that any country having a claim against Austria would have to be satisfied with territory, as there would be no responsible government to present a bill to by the time Peace was made. Much of the reparation payments will be made in kind. Assume for a moment that the sum of £2,500,000,000 is finally decided upon. Against this will be put all manner of things. First of all, there will be the earnings of the German ships which the Allies have been using during the war, for which, as respecters of international law, we have to give a strict account. A few such ships have earned over £1,000,000 for Australia, and all of them together must have earned tens of millions of pounds during the entire war. Next come the ships themselves, which would be valued at a tonnage rate equal to that used in reckoning the tonnage the Allies had lost. Next would come the German property in different Allied countries, which had been sequestered. The owners could not be deprived of this, except by consent of the German Government, which would have to

assume the liability. Then would come the railways in annexed territories, whether in Europe or the colonies, and quite possibly the colonies themselves would be valued, and this value be deducted from the £2,500,000,000.

The Voluntary Boycott.

The Fourteen Articles definitely debar us from setting up a discriminating tariff against German and Austrian goods. There is nothing in them or in the constitution of the League of Nations to hinder us from adopting a prohibitive tariff, but that tariff must operate *equally* against the goods of all countries, although a preference to British manufactures would be allowed as in pre-war days. The boycott of German goods will therefore have to be purely a voluntary affair, and already certain well-known firms in Australia are declaring their intention of never again trading with Germany. Their action has been greatly applauded, and they have won much well deserved advertisement thereby, but one may well doubt if such heroic resolves will stand the strain when competitors offer cheaper and as good or better articles purchased in Germany. The matter will be still further complicated, of course, when, after the signing of Peace, permits to operate German patents lapse, and accounts of the profits of such working have to be produced for the inspection of the private owners thereof, whose property has, of course, to be respected. Already Allied countries are clamouring for certain things that only Germany can produce; it would, indeed, be a sign of rock-like resolve if manufacturers in this country, in desperate need, yet refused to utilise such raw material, preferring to have others secure their trade rather than flinch from their splendid attitude.

Fate of the German Merchant Ships.

The German merchantmen have been handed over, and are being used for the conveyance of troops to America, and for the transport of food to Germany. Though many are now manned by Allied sailors, their earnings are credited to Germany, and when Peace is made they will be returned again, unless some of them are handed over instead of money payment being made for Allied ships sunk without warning by enemy submarines. The fate of the German fleet has not yet been decided upon. The Armistice terms recently accepted by the German Government embody the military and naval provisions which will be in the Peace Treaty. Ger-

many is to have no navy to speak of, merely a few ships presumably for policing purposes in the Baltic. Her army is to be reduced to a long service force of 100,000 men. For protection against the Russians, the Poles, the French, and the Bohemians, the Germans have to rely upon the League of Nations. Germany will cease altogether to be a military nation, and her sons will devote all their energies in future to science and commerce. The forced abolition of conscription in Germany makes the abandonment of the system certain in England. Its effect may even be felt in Australia, where a modified scheme of conscription is in force.

Will Britain Lose Her Dominant Trade Position?

The inauguration of an entirely new era in the relations between employer and employed in Great Britain is evidenced by the concessions granted the coal miners by the Government. Obviously the workers now fully realise their strength, and are determined to secure quickly those benefits and rearrangements for which they had been so long striving before the war. During the struggle, miners, steel makers, ship-builders and agriculturalists were appealed to by the nation and the Government to put forth their utmost endeavours, for on them rested the hope of victory. They were again and again told how entirely indispensable they were, how impossible it was to carry on without them. The war has given them a lesson in solidarity, in combined action; they have been quick to learn. The results we are now seeing. Back of the whole business, though, is the fear of Bolshevism in the minds of those who have arranged the drastic alterations in the terms under which coal will in future be won in Great Britain. The presentation and acceptance of the Sankey report is symptomatic of what is going to happen throughout the whole of British industry in the near future. The influence it will have in Great Britain's position in the world is perhaps not yet realised. The predominant place the motherland had won in commerce and industry was mainly due to cheap coal, backed, of course, by enterprise and daring. Still, in the main, her wealth in coal was responsible for Great Britain being the world's carrier, and for the numberless factories from which articles were produced which found their way in vast quantities to the uttermost parts of the earth. With cheap coal at the factory door it paid to bring raw material from far overseas to be

treated in England, the low price of fuel making it possible to transport such material at comparatively low cost. Directly the price of coal goes up the advantage of carrying raw products half round the world to be treated disappears, especially as this rise in price increases the cost of transport. Cheap coal means cheap power. Dear coal means dear power, and automatically the cost of all manufactures must go up. The concessions granted the miners will, it is estimated, increase the price of coal by about one-third. Obviously, then, Great Britain will have to quickly devise means of using coal in such a way as to still get her power cheaply, or she will lose her industrial supremacy. The position would be less serious if the cost of producing coal the world over increased in the same proportion as in Great Britain, but that will not be the case. The Germans, for instance, will be quite unable to arrange such liberal terms for the workers as have been agreed to by the British Government. In America wages may go up a little, but nothing like they are going up in England, and furthermore the coal mines of the United States are easy of access, the winning of coal from them is a far easier and cheaper proposition than the winning of coal from the ever deepening mines of Scotland, Wales and England. It is only right that the coal miners should be given good wages, and should work short hours in England, but nevertheless the tardy concessions given them may mark the end of Great Britain's world supremacy in trade.

Australian Affairs.

In Australia, too, there is unrest amongst the coal miners. Their lot is, of course, immensely superior to that of their British confrères, but everything in this world goes by proportion. We must compare the miners of Australia with the workers in other trades in the Commonwealth, not with miners in England, America or Europe. Mr. Watt has summoned a conference between masters and men, which is at the present moment meeting in Melbourne, but the prospects of a settlement are not bright. We have had experience during the war of what shortage of coal means, we know how it paralyzes industry. Some of the mines, during the recent strike, were taken over by the Victorian Government, and were worked by volunteers. The experience of these volunteers makes it practically certain that a similar solution will not be possible again, and, if the miners strike, there will be no coal available from the mines at all

until they get what they want or agree to go back on some compromise arrangement. There is little chance of the situation being relieved by importation of coal, as all the available supplies are required in Europe. Unless Mr. Watt manages to smoothe things over at the conference it looks as if we were in for a bad time again.

The influenza has not spread in Victoria as the result of the reopening of the theatres and places of entertainment, and already people are forgetting that it is still in our midst. Cases have occurred in Tasmania and South Australia, and the number in New South Wales now exceeds the number in Victoria. The prohibition against travelling into New South Wales, South Australia and Tasmania from Victoria still exists, but the futile quarantine camps on the border will probably have been abolished ere these lines appear. The Commonwealth Government long ago devised a reasonable scheme of controlling interstate traffic if the influenza were to break out, but New South Wales refused to submit to this, having, it must be admitted, a reasonable excuse in the dilatoriness of the Victorian authorities in declaring Victoria an infected area. Now, however, that its efforts to keep the disease out of its State have failed, the New South Wales Government will beseech the Federal authorities to take control as was originally arranged. South Australia and Tasmania will no doubt follow suit, and the present exasperating restrictions will be removed.

One of the first acts of the Federal Government when Parliament meets will be the bringing in of a new tariff. A certain section of the community—in which the manufacturers loom large—asserts that only by the building of a huge tariff wall can the country be saved. That may be so, but, on the other hand, it is self-evident that the articles manufactured in Australia, which without protection could not be so manufactured, must necessarily cost purchasers more than similar goods imported from outside. We will no doubt witness the usual efforts of small manufacturers to secure high tariffs in their favour, and the customary lobbying will go on. The making of new tariffs has been responsible for some of the gravest political scandals in the United States and Canada. Here, fortunately, we have escaped these, but lobbying of the most strenuous nature we may look for in the near future. The clapping on of heavier import duties is to be done not merely to foster nascent industries in Australia, but also to bring money into the

depleted Treasury. The need for raising money may yet cause the Government to consider export taxes. Australia is the greatest producer of wool in the world, and an export tax on that commodity would certainly not cripple the industry. Nor would an export tax on butter and other products damage the producer. I dealt at length with export taxation in our April, 1914, number.

New Zealand Notes.

MARCH 12, 1919.

With the rapid approach of April 10, excitement is centring around the liquor question. Pro and anti-liquor speakers are busy, and the newspapers are reaping a harvest from propaganda advertisements. The prohibitionists have brought Canadian and American speakers, and the campaign is interesting. It is impossible to forecast the result. The new element of compensation will be responsible for changing votes. Some of the staunch supporters of prohibition object to paying compensation for the elimination of what they consider a dangerous trade. Therefore they will refuse to support prohibition with compensation. Whether they will cast a vote for continuance of the liquor traffic is open to question. Probably they will not vote at all. On the other hand, a number of business men will vote prohibition for the first time. Feeling promises to run high before polling day.

The Government is considering the advisability of subsidising the flourmillers, the purpose being to prevent a rise in the price of bread. The proposal is welcomed by the millers, but the public is critical. The amount of the proposed subsidy for one year would purchase almost all the machinery required to grind flour for our population. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the Labour Party advocating State flour mills.

There is trouble again at some of our coal mines. It is reported that a ballot has resulted in favour of a "go slow" strike at certain mines, but the report is not official.

Judging by an intimation from the London headquarters of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, it is expected that all men of the force who left the Dominion in 1916 will embark on their return by the end of April; 1917 men by the end of May; and 1918 men by the end of June.

The official report of our war effort, compiled by the Chief of the General Staff, has just been published. New Zealand actually mobilised in camp for service overseas 124,211 men. The number sent abroad was 100,444. The voluntary recruits numbered 90,141, while 32,270 were sent abroad under the Military Service Act. The total wastage of men while undergoing training in New Zealand camps was 11,333, including 507 who died in camp, and 575 deserters. The latest statement as to New Zealand's casualties in the war gives the grand total as 57,825, including 16,488 dead, 27 missing, five prisoners, and 41,305 wounded.

The draft regulations in connection with our repatriation effort were issued to-day. Discharged soldiers and soldiers' widows are entitled to loans up to £300 for the purchase of a business and plant, and loans up to £50 free of interest for furniture. Certain educational fees are to be paid and assistance given towards employment. Sustenance, pending employment, is to be payable, inclusive of pension, as in Australia, but the ratio are less liberal. For a single soldier the rate is the same in both countries, viz., 42/- per week. For a soldier with a wife, the rate here is only 52/-, as compared with the 60/- of Australia. The rate for a soldier with wife and four children in New Zealand is 66/-, in Australia it is 74/-. Soldiers training in technical schools or commercial or professional occupations are to receive sustenance, inclusive of pension, up to 50/- for single men and 74/- for married men with four children. Apprentices resuming indentures are to have their wages, inclusive of pension, brought up to £3 a week. Approved trainees in private employ are to be subsidised to receive a guaranteed income of £3 a week, exclusive of pension. Widows without children are to have their income brought up to 35/- a week, while undergoing vocational training. Loans up to £50 free of interest may be made for the purchase of tools, and certain free passages are provided for.

Owing to pressure on our space, the article, "What Are We Doing for Our Blinded Soldiers?" has had to be held over until the next number—ready, April 19th.

"TAXI!"

An Adventure-Romance

By

George Agnew Chamberlain

If you wish to recall to mind where this serial stopped in the last issue, refer to what happened on page 350.



With a Rev. of "Oh, miss!"

For two, four, six days, a week, two weeks, Pamela lived in breathless anticipation of the moment when she could burst upon the eyesight of one Robert Harvey Randolph, and when all those days — and weeks — passed without any news of him, her lips that were made to smile, to kiss, and to bless the air with words softly spoken and carried on the fragrance of clean, young breath, began to droop pitifully.

Mr. Milyuns' efforts in several directions had so far proved in vain. He had advertised in every paper in Gotham, from the *New York Epoch* to the pink *Police Gassener*; he had offered reward, he had set traps and was now supporting a large corps of rapidly fattening individuals who called themselves "plain clothes" men—a name that would have fitted them admirably had the last syllable been omitted. His net results were the information that Mr. Randolph,



the driver sprang toward her.

in a reprehensible state of intoxication and at seven o'clock of the morning on which he had disappeared, had exchanged his swell evening garments at a second-hand emporium on Sixth Avenue for a suit of thicks and eighteen dollars in cash, stating, as he left the place, that he was thinking of going South for the rest of the winter.

After a minute and leisurely study of all the exits from Manhattan, the plain-clothes men had given it as their united

opinion that Mr. Randolph had been speaking facetiously in his last-known remark and had probably not voyaged farther south than Canal Street. They said if he would only try to leave New York, they could find him at once, and settled down on a policy of watchful waiting for that event.

The efforts made by Mr. Milyuns in the direction of springing Miss Thornton on society went equally awry, but were not quite so fruitless. His natural love of a smooth-running establishment on the slippery crust of Gotham's social plane would have been saved a severe bump if American parents were as careful to look up their guests' moral records as they are to study their ratings in Bradstreet-tum's.

Unfortunately for Mr. Milyuns, it happened that a certain young scion of a once gentlemanly house was included in the first large dinner-box party given to meet Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton. In the natural course of such events, the pasty youth stepped up for presentation, registering in his protuberant eyes a gleam of dubious surprise. What if he should say, "Hello, Vivienne!" Would it create a sensation?

Something else did; namely, Miss Thornton's modulated but terribly clear voice.

"I met Mr. Beamer," said

Pamela, drawing back quickly her half-extended hand, "when I was a chorus-girl." She turned with a winning smile to her recently beaming hostess. "I don't care to know him in decent surroundings." She half turned toward the door.

For one breathless second there threatened one of those silences that spell social disaster. Eileen took it upon herself to mash it in its extreme youth with a soft tap of her efficient hammer.

"Oh, must you really go?" she remarked to Mr. Beamer.

Did this spectacular debut strike the name of Imogene Pamela from the lists of the matronly elite of Manhattan? It did not. Invitations rained on her and found her unresponsive. Her would-be hostesses would have gone the length of submitting rostrums of proposed guests as though to royalty, except for the fact that each and every one of them wished to put her own nearest and dearest to the test of a sudden meeting with the most exclusive of New York's latest crop of buds.

Pamela refused and accepted these bids for the latest thing in sensations in the most erratic manner. No one could fathom just why she said, "No," and much less why she occasionally said, "Yes." The mystery only added to the demands for her company and the Nays soon began to show an overwhelming preponderance over the Ayes. Why? Simply because it was not in the power of any of the hostesses to call up the moody girl and say: "My dear, we are going to have just pork and beans for dinner to-night. Won't you join us?" Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph said he would drop in for pot-luck."

Yes; every time Pamela had accepted an invitation, it was in the rapidly waning hope that Mr. Randolph, beloved and once at the beck and call of these very people, would appear and come into his own. Could she have surmised that on two separate occasions the knight errant of her thoughts had actually seen her in her most ravishing bibless evening tucker, had driven her to two familiar doors, taken her money with averted face and without inspecting the "clock" and had passed on to some quiet stand to dream over her new glory and read the latest batch of ads. crying for news of the whereabouts and welfare of self—could she have known these apparently insignificant items in the daily life of the great city, she would have wept her lovely eyes out twice over.

Such being her state of heart, imagine her excitement when Mr. Milyuns called by appointment and retailed word for word the following conversation which he had participated in that very morning with Miss Madge Van Tellier, of East Ninth Street:

"Oh, Mr. Milyuns, are you doing all that advertising for Bobby Randolph?"

"Yes, Madge; I certainly am, and if it doesn't bear fruit pretty soon, I'll have to give up tobacco."

"Are you advertising for his own good? I mean—is it important to *him*—not to *you*—for you to find him? Would he be really and truly glad to be found even against his will?"

"Er—yes—er—it is—er—he would—er—if he isn't sixteen kinds of a fool. I think I caught them all, my dear, but if I left any out, please repeat."

"Yes," admitted the lady question-mark: "your legal mind answered them all. Now tell me just from your human self—if you were in Bobby's place, would you want to be found by you for the purpose that you want to find him for?"

Mr. Milyuns did not pretend for one second that he did not understand the preposterously worded query.

"You bet I would!" he answered promptly and emphatically. "Now tell me what you've got up your sleeve. Please, Madge; that's a dear girl! If you only knew how I'm worried seven times a day——"

"I'm trying to tell you," broke in Miss Van Tellier, "but you talk so much I can't get in anywhere. Last night, a taxi brought me home from—er—from a drive, and the cabman was *Bobby*, looking simply *stunning* in one of those awfully high-collared, khaki, waist-effect woolly coats, chauffeur's cap, tan puttees, boots, and all——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Mr. Milyuns; "I know now just how he looked. What was the licence-number of the car, and to which company did it belong?"

A long pause.

"Why, I didn't notice."

"Thanks awfully, my dear."

Sound of hanging up the receiver.

"So there you are," said Mr. Milyuns to the very much excited Pamela. "We've got this far, and, by a fluke entirely unconnected with the twenty-two sleuths I have been pensioning in advance of their lifelong service, Robert is driving one of the sixty-three thousand taxicabs that infest the streets of New York."

"Poor dear!" said Pamela, tears rising to her adorable eyes. Then she dismissed Mr. Milyuns. [Continued on page 345.



Moscow, showing the Kremlin and the famous many-towered Cathedral of St. Basil, damaged during the revolution. Inset—Portrait of Leon Trotsky.

Red, Revolutionary Russia—III.*

BY ARTHUR RANSOME.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

The day after the October revolution Lenin proposed and the Assembly carried the declaration on Peace with its promise to do away with the secret diplomacy that had kept Russia in the war beyond her strength, and allowed small groups to gamble in the lives of nations. On that day, October 26th (old style), the whole world was told that the new Russian Government was ready to conclude Peace itself, and invited all the fighting countries to put an end to the war "without annexation (that is without the seizure of other people's land and without the forced incorporation of other nationalities) and without indemnity." The declaration was sent out by radio on November 7th, o. s. Some Governments prevented its publication, others sought to disguise its true character and to give it the appearance of an offer of separate Peace. The Allies re-

plied to it with a threat conveyed to the Russian Commander-in-Chief, Dukhonin, that further steps towards separate Peace would have serious consequences. It should, of course, be remembered that the Allies were in a position of peculiar difficulty. Practically all the Russians who were able to give direct information to members of Allied Governments belonged to the classes that had persistently fed themselves and others with lies as to the character of the Bolsheviks. They believed that the Soviets could hold authority only for a few days and they persuaded the Allied Governments to share that belief. The next step of the Soviets was an agreement, made across the front itself, stopping all military operations between the Black Sea and the Baltic. This was followed by yet another invitation to the Allies to join Russia in Peace negotiations. Meanwhile the German Government, with one eye on the military party and the other

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on the feeling of German Labour, which at that time was unrestful and excited by the Russian revolution, was hesitating over its answer. I shall not here attempt any detailed history of what followed. My only point is that the Soviet Government cannot be accused of having sought and obtained a separate Peace. The first aim of the Bolsheviks was, as it always will be, a Universal Social Revolution. They hoped to illustrate to the workers of the world the possibility of honourable Peace, and nothing would have pleased them better than to find that such a Peace was rejected by all Governments alike, so that the workers, convinced of its possibility, should rise and overthrow them. That was their general aim. They, least of all Governments in the world, were interested in a German victory. Their proposal was for a general Peace, for the Peace which Russia, in agony, had been awaiting for a year.

What followed? Step by step, they published every detail of their negotiations over the Armistice, every word of

the German replies. Then came the first German answer as to the conditions of Peace, in which Germany and her Allies expressed themselves ready to make the Russian formula the basis of negotiation. The Bolsheviks believe that if the Allies had even at that late hour joined them, so that in withdrawing from that position the Germans would have been facing a continuance of the war as a whole instead of merely a failure to obtain Peace with the weakest of the Allies. Peace on the Russian formula would have been attainable. The Allies left them, unrecognised, ignored, to continue their struggle single-handed. The Germans now took a bolder line and the hand out-stretched in spurious friendship became a grasping claw. The first Russian delegation came home to confer with the Soviet Government as to what was to be done in this new situation when the Peace they had promised their exhausted army, their tortured working classes, seemed to be fading like a mirage. Trotsky, at the head of a reinforced delegation, went *Continued on page 361*



The Municipal Building—
Moscow Headquarters of the
Bolshevik Government

The Branding-Iron

By Katherine Newlin
Eurt

The story opens with Joan, a beautiful mountain girl, reading the tale of "The Pot of Basil," by the fire-light in her tiny cabin on the Wyoming mountain side. Without is the cold, still night, and somewhere Pierre, Joan's husband, travelling homewards on his snow-shoes. While she reads Joan pictures her own life before she married Pierre. First, her loneliness with her hideous father, who continually repeated to her the story of her mother's infidelity. Then her running away from him to the little mining town to work in the hotel, where she met Pierre. Then had followed their marriage, her work in and out of their little cabin, the coming of the missionary who had lent her books, and finally Pierre's unreasoning jealousy, of the books and of the "sinbuster."

It was not till a week or two after this second visit from the clergyman that Pierre's smouldering jealousy broke into flame. After clearing away the supper-things with an absent air of eager expectation, Joan would dry her hands on her apron, and, taking down one of her books from their place in a shelf-corner, she would draw her chair close to the lamp and begin to read, forgetful of Pierre. These had been the happiest hours for him; he would tell Joan about his day's work, about his plans, about his past life. Wonderful it was to him, after his loneliness, that she should be sitting there drinking in every word and loving him with her dumb, wild eyes. Now there was no talk and no listening. Joan's absorbed face was turned from him and bent over her book; her lips moved; she would stop and stare before her.



She writhed away from him, silent in her rage and fear and fighting dumbly

After a long while he would get up and go to bed, but she would stay there with her books, till a restless movement from him would make her aware of the lamplight shining wakefulness upon him through the chinks in the partition wall. Then she would get up reluctantly, sighing, and come to bed.

For ten evenings this went on, Pierre's heart slowly heating itself until, all at once, the flame leaped.

Joan had untied her apron and reached up for her book. Pierre had been waiting, hoping that of her free will she might prefer his company to the parson feller's—for, in his ignorance, those books were jealously personified—but, without a glance in his direction, she had turned as usual to the shelf.

"You goin' to read?" asked Pierre hoarsely. It was a painful effort to speak.

She turned with a childish look of astonishment. "Yes, Pierre."

He stood up with one of his lithe, swift movements, all in one rippling piece. "By God! You're not, though," and he strode over to her, snatched the volume from her, threw it back into its place and pointed her to her chair.

"You set down and give heed to me fer a change, Joan Carver," he said, his smoke-coloured eyes smouldering. "I didn't fetch you up here to read parsons' books and waste oil. I fetched you up here to—" He stopped, choked with a sudden enormous hurt tenderness and sat down and fell to smoking and staring, hot-eyed, into the fire.

And Joan sat silent in her place, puzzled, wistful, wounded, her idle hands folded, looking at him for awhile, then absently before her, and he knew that her mind was busy again with the preacher feller's books. If he had known better how to explain his heart, if she had known how to show him the impersonal eagerness of her awakening mind. But, savage and silent, they sat there, loving each other, hurt, but locked each into his own impenetrable life.

After that, Joan changed the hours of her study and neglected housework and sage-brush grubbing, but, nonetheless, were Pierre's evenings spoiled. Perfection of intercourse is the most perishable of all life's commodities; now, when he talked, he could not escape the consciousness of having constrained his audience; she could not escape her knowledge of his jealousy, the remembrance of his mysterious outbreak, the irrepressible tug of the story she was reading. So it went on till snow came and they were shut in, man and wife, with only each other to watch, a tremendous test of good-fellowship. This searching intimacy came at a bad time, just after Holliwell's third visit, when he had brought a fresh supply of books.

"There's poetry this time," he said, "Get Pierre to read it aloud to you."

The suggestion was met by a rude laugh from Pierre.

"I wouldn't be wastin' my time," he jeered.

It was the first rift in his courtesy. Holliwell looked up in sharp surprise. He saw a flash of the truth, a little wriggle of the green serpent in Pierre's eyes before they fell. He flushed and

glanced at Joan. She stood at the table in the circle of lamplight, looking over the new books, but in her eagerness there was less simplicity. She wore an almost timorous air, accepted his remark in silence, shot doubtful looks at Pierre before she answered questions; was an entirely different Joan. Now Holliwell was angry, and he stiffened toward his host and hostess, dropped all his talk about the books and smoked haughtily. He was young and over-sensitive, no more master of himself, in this instance, than Pierre and Joan. But before he left, after supper, refusing a bed, though Pierre conquered his dislike sufficiently to urge it, Holliwell had a moment with Joan. It was very touching. He would tell about it afterward, but for a long time he could not bear to remember it.

She tried to return his books, coming with her arms full of them, and lifting up eyes that were almost tragic with renunciation.

"I can't be takin' the time to read them, Mr. Holliwell," she said, that extraordinary over-expressive voice of hers running an octave of regret, "and some way Pierre don't like that I should spend my evenin's on them. Seems like he thinks I was settin' myself up to be knowin' more than him." She laughed ruefully. "Me—knowin' more'n Pierre" It's laughable. But, anyways, I don't want him to be thinkin' that. So take the books, please. I like them." She paused. "I love them," she said hungrily, and thrust them into his hands.

He put them down on the table. "You're wrong, Joan," he said quickly. "You mustn't give in to such a foolish idea. You have rights of your own, a life of your own. Pierre mustn't stand in the way of your learning. You mustn't let him. I'll speak to him."

"Oh, no!" Some intuition warned her of the danger in his doing this.

"Well, then, keep your books and talk to Pierre about them. Try to persuade him to read aloud to you. I sha'n't be back now till spring, but I want you to read this winter, read all the stuff that's there. Come, Joan, to please me," he smiled coaxingly.

"I ain't afeared of Pierre," said Joan slowly. Her pride was stung by the suggestion. "I'll keep the books." She sighed. "Good-bye. When I see you

in the spring I'll be a right learned school-marm."

She held out her hand and he took and held it, pressing it in his own. He felt troubled about her, unwilling to leave her in the snow-bound wilderness with that young savage of the smouldering eyes.

"Good-bye," said Pierre behind him. His soft voice had a click.

Holliwell turned to him. "Good-bye, Landis. I sha'n't see either of you till the spring. I wish you a good winter and I hope—" he broke off and held out his hand. "Well," said he, "you're pretty far out of everyone's way here. Be good to each other."

"Damn your interference!" said Pierre's eyes, but he took the hand and even escorted Holliwell to his horse.

Snow came early and deep that winter. It fell for long grey days and nights and then it came in hurricanes of drift, wrapping the cabin in swirling white till only one window peered out and one gabled corner cocked itself above the crust. Pierre had cut and stacked his winter wood, he had sent his cows to a richer man's ranch for winter feeding. There was very little for him to do. After he had brought in two buckets of water from the well and had cut for the day's consumption a piece of meat from his elk, hanging outside against the wall, he had only to sit and smoke, to read old magazines and papers and to watch Joan. Then the poisonous roots of his jealousy struck deep. Always his brain, unaccustomed to physical idleness, was at work, falsely interpreting her wistful silence. She was thinking of the parson, hungry to read his books, longing for the open season and his coming to the ranch.

In December a man came in on snow-shoes bringing "the mail"—one letter for Pierre, a communication which brought heat to his face. The Forest Service threatened him with a loss of land; it pointed to some flaw in his title; part of his property, the most valuable part, had not yet been surveyed. Pierre looked up with set jaws, every fighting instinct sharpened to hold what was his own.

"I hev put in two years' hard work on them acres," he told his visitor, "and I'm not plannin' to give them over to the first fool favoured by the Service. My title is as clean as my hand. It'll take more'n

thievery and more'n spite to take it away from me."

"You better go to Robinson," advised the bearer of the letter; "can't get after them fellers too soon. It's a country where you can easy come by what you want, but where it ain't so easy to hold on to it. If it ain't yer land, it's yer hosses; if it ain't yer hosses, it's yer wife." He looked at Joan and laughed.

Pierre went white and dumb, the chance shot had inflamed his wound.

He strapped on his snow-shoes and bade a grim good-bye to Joan. After the man had left, "Don't you be wastin' oil while I'm away," he told her sharply, standing in the doorway, his head level with the steep wall of snow behind him, and he gave her a threatening look so that the tenderness in her heart was frozen.

After he had gone, "Pierre, say a real good-bye; say good-bye," she whispered. Her face cramped and tears came.

She heard his steps lightly crunching across the hard, bright surface of the snow; they entered into the terrible frozen silence. Then she turned from the door, dried her eyes with her sleeve, like a little village girl, and ran across the room to a certain shelf. Pierre would be gone a week. She would not waste oil, but she would read. It was with the appetite of a starved creature that she fell upon her books.

PIERRE TAKES STEPS TO PRE-SERVE HIS PROPERTY.

A log fell forward and Joan lifted her head. She had not come to an end of Isabella's tragedy nor of her own memories, but something other than the falling log had startled her—a light, crunching step upon the snow.

She looked toward the window. For an instant the room was almost dark and the white night peered in at her, its gigantic snow-peaks pressing against the long horizontal window-panes, and in that instant she saw a face. The fire started up again, the white night dropped away, the face shone close a moment longer, then it disappeared. Joan came to her feet with pounding pulses. It had been Pierre's face, but at the same time the face of a stranger. He had come back five days too soon and something terrible had happened. Surely his chancing to see her with a book would not

make him look like that. Besides, she was not wasting oil. She had stood up, but at first she was incapable of moving forward. For the first time in her life she knew the paralysis of unreasoning fear. Then the door opened and Pierre came in out of the crystal night.

"What brought you back so soon?"

He strode over to the hearth where she had lain, took up the book, struck it with his hand as though it had been a hated face and flung it into the fire. "I seen you through the window," he said. "So you been happy readin' while I been away?"

"I'll get your supper. I'll light the lamp," Joan stammered.

Pierre's face was pale, his black hair lay in wet streaks on his temples. He must have travelled at furious speed through the bitter cold to be in such a sweat. There was a mysterious, controlled disorder in his look, and there arose from him the odour of strong drink. But he was steady and sure in all his movements, and his eyes were deadly cool and reasonable—only it was the reasonableness of insanity, reasonableness based on the wildest premises of unreason. "Firelight's enough fer you to read parson's books by; it's enough fer me to do what I oughter done long afore to-night."

She stood in the middle of the small log-walled room, arrested in the act of lighting a match, and stared at him with troubled eyes. She was no longer afraid. After all, strange as he looked, more strangely as he talked, he was her Pierre, her man. The confidence of her heart had not been seriously shaken by his coldness and his moods during this winter. There had been times of fierce, possessive tenderness. She was his own woman, his property; at this low counting did she rate herself. A sane man does no injury to his own possessions. And Pierre, of course, was sane. He was tired, angry. He had been drinking; her ignorance, her inexperience, led her to put little emphasis on the effects of the poison sold at the town saloon.

He was warm and fed and rested, and he would be quite himself again. She laughed. "I was preparing a meal in spite of jeered."

It was then that he seemed to notice this. He Holliwel looked from her at last, and he saw a flash of fire. She, too, busy wriggle of the green eyes before they

and, reassured by the familiar occupation, ceased to watch him. Her pulses were quiet now. She was even beginning to be glad of his return. Why had she been so frightened? Of course, after such a terrible journey alone in the bitter cold he would look strange. Her father, when he came back smelling of liquor, had always been more than usually morose and unlike his every-day self. He would sit over the stove and tell her the story of his crime. They were horrible home-comings, horrible evenings, but the next morning they would seem like dreams. To-morrow this strangeness of Pierre's would be mist-like and unreal.

"I seen your sin-buster in town," said Pierre. He was squatting on his heels over the fire which he had built to a great blaze and glow, and he spoke in a queer sing-song tone through his teeth. "He asked after you real kind. He wanted to know how you was gettin' on with the eddication he's been handin' out to you. I tol' him that youn was right satisfied with me and my ways and had quit the books. I didn't know as you was hevin' such a good time during my absence."

Joan was cruelly hurt. His words seemed to fall heavily upon her heart. "I wasn't havin' a good time. I was missin' you, Pierre," said she in a low tremolo of grieving music. "Them books, they seemed like they was all the company I had."

"You looked like you was missin' me," he sneered. "The sin-buster and I had words about you, Joan. Yes'm, he give me quite a line of preachin' about you, Joan, as how you had oughter develop yer own life in yer own way—along the lines laid out by him. I told him as how I knowed best what was right and fittin' fer my own wife, as how, with a mother like your'n you needed watchin' more'n learnin', and how you belonged to me and not to him. And, says he, 'She don't belong to any man, Pierre Landis,' he said, 'neither to you nor to me. She belongs to her own self.' I'll see that she belongs to me," I said. "I'll fix her so she'll know it and every other feller will."

At that he turned from the fire and straightened to his feet.

Joan moved backward slowly to the door. He had made no threatening sign

or movement, but her fear had come overwhelmingly upon her and every instinct urged her to flight. But before she touched the handle of the door, he flung himself with deadly swift force and silence across the room and took her in his arms. With all her wonderful young strength, Joan could not break away from him. He dragged her back to the hearth, tied her elbows behind her with the scarf from his neck—that very scarf he had worn when the dawn had shed a westful beauty upon him, waiting for her on a morning not so very long ago. Joan went weak.

"Pierre," she cried pitifully, "what are you agoin' to do with me?"

He roped her to the heavy post of a set of shelves built against the wall. Then he stood away, breathing fast.

"Now, whose gel are you, Joan Carver?" he asked her.

"You know I'm yours, Pierre," she sobbed. "You got no need to tie me to make me say that."

"I got to tie you to make you do more'n say it." I got to make sure you are it. Hell-fire won't take the sureness out of me after this."

She turned her head, all that she could turn.

He was bending over the fire, and when he straightened she saw that he held something in his hand—a long bar of metal, white at the shaped end. At once her memory showed her a broad glow of sunset falling over Pierre at work. "There'll be stock all over the country marked with them two bars," he had said. "The Two-Bar Brand; don't you fergit it!" She was not likely to forget it now.

She shut her eyes. He stepped close to her and jerked her blouse down from her shoulder. She writhed away from him silent in her rage and fear, and fighting dumbly. She made no appeal. At that moment her heart was so full of hatred that it was hardened to pride. He lifted his brand and set it against the bare flesh of her shoulder.

Then terribly she screamed. Again when he took the metal away she screamed. Afterward there was a dreadful silence.

Joan had not lost consciousness. Her healthy nerves stanchly received the anguish and the shock, nor did she make any further outcry. She pressed her

forehead against the sharp edge of the shelf, she drove her nails into her hands, and at intervals she writhed from head to foot. Circles of pain spread from the deep burn on her shoulder, spread and shrank, to spread and shrink again. The bones of her shoulder and arm ached terribly, fire seemed to be eating into her flesh. The air was full of the smell of scorched skin so that she tasted it herself. And hotter than her hurt her heart burned, consuming its own tenderness and love and trust.

When this pain left her, when she was free of her bonds, no force nor fear would hold her to Pierre. She would leave him as she had left her father. She would go away. There was no place for her to go, but what did that matter so long as she might escape from this terrible place and this infernal tormentor? How long the stillness of pain and fury and horror lasted there was no one to reckon. It was most startlingly broken by a voice. "Who screamed for help?" it said, and at the same instant a draught of icy air smote Joan. The door had opened with suddenness and violence. With difficulty she mastered her pain and turned her head.

Pierre had staggered to his feet. Opposite him, framed against the open door filled with the wan whiteness of the snow, stood a spare, tall figure. The man wore his fur collar turned up about his chin and ears, his fur cap pulled down about his brow; a sharp, aquiline nose stood out above frozen mustaches; keen and brilliant eyes searched the room. He carried his gun across his arm in readiness, and sniffed the air like a suspicious hound. Then he advanced a step toward Pierre.

"What devil's work have you been at?" said he, his voice cutting the air in its sharpness of astonished rage, and his hand slid down the handle of his gun.

Pierre, watching him like a lynx, side-stepped, crouched, whipped out his gun and fired. At almost the same second the other's gun went off. Pierre dropped.

This time Joan's nerves gave way, and the room with its smell of scorched flesh, of powder, and of frost, went out from her horrified senses. For a moment the stranger's stern face and brilliant eyes made the approaching centre of a great cloud of darkness; then it, too, went out.

(To be continued.)

The Commonwealth's White Elephant

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE NORTHERN TERRITORY?

Eight years ago—to be exact, on January 1st, 1911—the Commonwealth took over the Northern Territory from South Australia. The Federal Government regarded the development of this territory as a continental responsibility, and, in an able statement of the position, issued in 1913 by Mr. Glynn, then Minister of External Affairs, this fact was strongly emphasised. He said: "Its relation to defence and to the maintenance of the associated policy of settlement by white races suggests that the necessity for and justification of the expenditure of the earlier years must be determined by other than purely commercial considerations. We are within the call of the myriad races of the now somewhat restless East, of peoples whose traditions and standing are, no less than ours, entitled to respect, but who are more or less affected by the pressure of numbers on the limits of production and by the desire for expansion which, as being inevitable and dangerous under certain possible international conditions, should be taken into careful and early account, mainly on the lines of settlement and defence."

The main reason, then, which caused the Federal Government to assume this heavy responsibility was fear, a fear which was shared by the majority of its people. Thanks to the efforts of British statesmen and to the insistence of President Wilson, the League of Nations is being established, and one of the immediate results of the setting up of this League will be the complete allaying of the fear which lies at the root of all Federal efforts in the Northern Territory. Are we not justified in asking, now that this fear has been banished, whether the Commonwealth is to continue the costly efforts at settlement in the Far North, which have been carried on with such comparatively poor results during the last eight years?

In the following summary of what

has been achieved since South Australia handed over its white elephant to the Federal Government, I deal merely with facts and figures. I do not suggest that any Government or Minister is to blame for anything that has happened in the Northern Territory. The representatives of the people in the Federal Parliament decided that certain things were to be done in the Northern Territory, and all that Ministers had to do was to carry out their wishes in the best possible manner. All things considered, the administration of the Northern Territory has been able, but the difficulties to contend with were immense, and now that the primary cause for the adoption of the policy of closer settlement has been removed, thanks to the efforts of statesmen in Paris, the reasons that caused the representatives of the people to insist on it, have disappeared, and the whole matter should be reviewed in the light of present conditions. It is in order to help my readers to understand the present position in the Northern Territory that I have made the following comparisons between the state of affairs which existed before the Commonwealth took over the place and that which exists to-day.

It has always been admitted that, for several years it has been necessary to spend a great deal on the Northern Territory, but the object of such outlay always kept in view was the hastening of settlement in the Territory. How far has the heavy expenditure which has been incurred achieved this object? That is obviously the first thing to ascertain. The following table sets out the expenditure in the first year of Federal control and in the last for which figures are available.

	1911.	1916-17.
Expenditure ..	£411,050 ..	£805,365
Revenue ..	46,682 ..	102,980
Deficit ..	364,368 ..	702,385

Roughly the revenue has doubled, and the expenditure has also doubled, but as the receipts are so comparatively small the deficit to-day is far more formidable than it was eight years ago. It may be said, with truth, that the Commonwealth is not entirely responsible for this heavy annual bill, that much of it goes in interest on loans. This interest, however, has remained fairly constant, being £284,733 in 1911 and £2000 less in 1916. If we eliminate altogether the payment of interest on loans we find that the difference between the revenue and other expenditure in 1911 was £79,612; in 1916-17 the difference was £312,566. It should, however, be pointed out that had the Commonwealth not been obliged to raise further loans to carry out public works in the Territory the interest charges on the debt which had been taken over would have been steadily reduced every year. From 1911 to 1916-17 the difference between revenue and ordinary expenditure amounted to £1,106,310, and the interest paid on loans during the same period amounted to £1,859,308, making a total expenditure on the Territory for the six years under review of £2,965,618. There has been a steady increase in expenditure each year since the Commonwealth took over, and the estimates for the present year anticipate a total deficit of £750,000. Has the spending of almost £3,000,000 in the first six years achieved results which will justify the Federal Government in a further outlay of some £750,000 per annum on the Northern Territory?

The avowed object of the expenditure was to secure settlers. Let us see what progress has been made in this matter. In 1911 the total population of the Territory, excluding aborigines, was 3248. Of these 586 were women. Roughly half of this population was European, the other half being Asiatics, chiefly Chinese. Six years later the population had increased to 4908, of whom 1022 were women. The increase of Europeans was 1825. In 1911 there were 676 miners in the Territory; in 1916 there were only 476. This reduction was due to the withdrawal of Chinese, for actually the 101 European miners of 1911 had increased to 112 in 1916. In 1917 there were 254 more immigrants than emigrants, and the births

in the Territory exceeded the deaths there by 20. Every man, woman and child in the Northern Territory, including Chinese, Japanese and other Asiatics, but excluding aborigines, is costing the people of Australia £143/2/2 per annum to maintain. In 1911 the cost per head was only £112/3/7.

It would hardly seem that the heavy expenditure had brought the increased population desired, but it may be that the foundations for permanent settlement were being laid during these years, and that settlers will speedily arrive to people the Territory. To ascertain whether that is so we must find out whether the new men and women who have gone to the Northern Territory are settling on the land or not. This we can discover by noting the increase in flocks and herds, and in the number of acres under cultivation. In 1911 there were 94,329,600 acres under pastoral leases and permits. In 1916 there were 110,560,129 acres under such leases and permits. Under other leases there were in 1911 1,696,171 acres, and in 1916 only 109,353 acres. In 1915 there was one mixed farming lease which lapsed in 1913. There were 20 agricultural leases in 1915 and only 15 in 1916. The 14 gold-mining leases in 1916 were not renewed in the following year, nor were the 14 mineral leases of 1915. Obviously the increased population has not gone on the land. This is further proved by the fact that the number of cattle in the Territory has decreased by 40,000, the number of sheep by 3500, the number of pigs by 1000 since the Commonwealth took control.

Though settlement on the land was the aim the Federal Government had in view when it adopted the Northern Territory scheme, such settlement has not taken place. The increase in the population consists, first of all, of officials, next of men working on railway construction, and lastly of migratory workers engaged in the meat industry. If the officials departed, the railway construction were abandoned, the meat works were closed, the population of the Northern Territory would probably be less to-day than it was in 1911. That the Northern Territory must rely upon immigration to increase its population is demonstrated by

the vital statistics of 1917. In that year the birth-rate per thousand in the Territory was 13.12, as compared with the Commonwealth average of 26.51. The death-rate in the same year in the Territory was 14.33 per thousand, as compared with the Commonwealth average of 9.86. It is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that all this expenditure, due to a fear now allayed, has resulted in little more than the creation of an artificial population, 'which would vanish if public works were abandoned.

It is clear, from a perusal of the various reports on the Northern Territory, that the only thing there which gives promise of progressive growth is the freezing works. It is fed by cattle, most of which are transported over the railway to Port Darwin. The slaughtering and handling of these beasts gives employment to 355 men. The freezing works accommodation provides for the killing and chilling of 500 cattle daily, while 400 carcasses can be frozen and 200 canned per day. The season is, however, short, and consequently the workers remain only some five months in the Northern Territory. It is anticipated when in full swing that 50,000 cattle will be slaughtered and handled in the works. The total dealt with in the first season was 18,911 only.

The freezing works were estimated to cost £100,000. Owing to high cost of material and greatly increased wages they have actually cost £750,000. To cover the interest on this money, and to provide for working expenses, the charge for slaughtering will have to be fixed at £2 per head and 50,000 cattle would have to be handled every season before the works would be on a paying basis.

The railway line completed is part of a magnificent scheme which is not expected to pay any more than the East-West railway. It was to be a strategic line, and its building, like the closer settlement of the Northern Territory, was dictated by fear. Such a railway is no longer necessary, and extensions, instead of being built due south, should be pushed into the grazing areas. The existing railway is 145 miles long. To link it up with Oodnadatta another 1000 miles would have to be laid! At present the loss on the working of the line is £16,000 a year,

exclusive of interest charges, which it would have to carry. The transport of the 18,000 cattle slaughtered last season at the freezing works brought in over £1000. If 50,000 cattle were carried, the revenue from that source would reduce the deficit by half.

It is estimated that there are some 420,000 cattle in the Territory, as compared with 300,000 in South Australia. The number slaughtered annually in the latter State is about 100,000. If, therefore, transport and slaughtering facilities were available, the Territory, even without adding to its herds should be able to supply far more than the present 18,000 carcasses for export.

The experiment of settling the Northern Territory has demonstrated that agriculture does not attract immigrants nor is that to be wondered at. Of the climate I will say nothing, but why should anyone anxious to take up farming, exile himself to the Far North when he has as good, if not a better, chance, of making good in temperate zones, where he is in close touch with his kith and kin, his neighbours and the rest of the world? The steady drop in mining leases has shown that the Territory cannot rely upon its mineral wealth to attract settlers. The growing of cotton, sugar cane, sisal hemp and the like demands cheap labour, which is not available.

By a process of elimination we find that the raising of stock is the only thing which appears to offer a good return for the money invested, but stock-raising will not bring many settlers. As, however, the need for peopling the Territory has disappeared the reasonable policy for the Federal Government to pursue would certainly seem to be to encourage the raising of cattle, which would feed the railway and keep the freezing works busy. Before the war there was a serious shortage of beef and that shortage is more pronounced than ever now. It is surely more sensible to try and provide for a known want than to endeavour to create an artificial demand for produce which is already to be found cheaply and abundantly elsewhere.

I hope to deal further with this highly important matter in our next number.

HISTORY IN CARICATURE



• Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ilhers see us.—BURNS. (E)

The cartoonists are beginning to deal with the food situation in Europe, and most

of them have no hesitation in showing the seriousness of it, but, as indicated by *The New York Tribune*, the German people are not the only ones who are starving.



De Amsterdammer. [Amsterdam.

MILITARISM AND NAVAL SUPREMACY.
MILITARISM: "Why should I be reduced to nothing and no attention whatever paid to him?"



Reynolds's Newspaper. [London.

FOR ENGLAND, HOME AND BEATTY.

"Taking them over to Blighty!
Tiddley-hiddley-hi-ti!"



Tribune.

New York.

HE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE LINE.



[Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.]

IN BELGIUM

Never mind the destruction! The Germans have guaranteed full compensation."

The Dutch *Amsterdammer* comments on the fact that, although we have heard a great deal of talk about reduction of armies.



[Jugend.]

[Munich.]

WILSON AT THE INDIAN OPTICIAN'S

"We must prescribe keener glasses for you, Mr. President. You always see the fourteen small points, but never the large fifteenth!"

The fifteenth is represented by the word "Indien."

we have heard very little about the reduction of fleets.

The German cartoons are interesting, as showing the attitude of mind of the



[Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.]

AFRIKANUS

Or John Bull's tears over the Negro in the German Colonies.

THE BRAVE OLD CROCODILE: "And they talk about my tears!"



[Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.]

Theory is all very well, good friend. His lory should be depicted as a strong woman with sword and spear, well-formed and supple of movement. Round her feet blood flows, while fronting her is Peace, the ideal, with broken palm branch."



Esquella. [Barcelona.]
THE COOKED GOOSE.
 "How is he now?" "Just lovely!"



Daily News. [U.S.A.]
STRAIGHT TALK.

Germans. *Kladderadatsch* depicts the Allies destroying villages and towns in Northern France and Belgium, saying as they do so. "It doesn't matter, as the Germans have to pay for reparation." The same paper suggests that John Bull's treatment of native populations has not always been perfect, and *Jugend* endeavours to raise the bogey of self-government for India.

The Spanish *Esquella* shows the Allies getting ready to cut up Germany. This neutral cartoon is rather significant, as usually the *Esquella* is pro-Ally. It evidently reflects the opinion of neutrals concerning what is going on at the Peace Conference.

F.C.G. has a clever little cartoon in the form of a postcard showing the deposed German kings fishing in a Dutch canal.



Westminster Gazette.

DEUTSCHLAND IN DUTCH LAND.
 Design for a Dutch Postcard.

[London.]



[London.]

[Munich.]

THE CZECH CORNER-STONE IN THE
REBUILDING OF AUSTRIA



[London Opinion.]

THE SKIPPER WHO SKIPPED
WHEN THE SKIPPER. "I have
pled my ship on the rocks, but I
seem to have saved my own skin—
for the present."



[John Bull.]

[London.]

AN EXCHANGE OF BLOWS

"They used to fight with all their might,
A few short years ago;
But that's today a different way
Of giving 'blow for blow'."



[London Opinion.]

He: "I've brought a lot of souvenirs home,
dear. Would you like a German helmet?"
She: "A German helmet would be very nice,
but I'd rather have a French hat."



[Stead's Illustration.]

[Munich.]

"My dear, I believe more booty in future
will be dedicated to us than to the swallows."



PARADISE LOST.

[The Passing Show.]

[London.]

"TAXI!"—AN ADVENTURE-ROMANCE—(Continued from page 330.)

who would gladly have lingered. "I have to go out now. I'm so sorry, but thank you very, very much."

"Can't I drop you wherever you're going?" asked the very human mind of the leading legal authority on corporation hedgerows and byways.

"Oh, no," said Pamela, translucent as love itself: "I shall go in taxis."

How many vulgar vehicles for hire were blessed by the transient presence of Miss Thornton during the next seven hours is a matter of gross mathematics and consequently beneath the ken of an intelligence that can chat along about nice things like Pamela and Robert Randolph for pure pleasure and subsequently sell the remarks for cold cash. Five minutes to spot a lively cab, five minutes to ticket the driver and pile him on the discard, two more to find her purse, three more to look innocent; then start all over again. Divide seven times sixty minutes by all that, and you've got her number.

Let us leave the statistical fiend and pass on to seven o'clock of the near-Christmas evening when Miss Thornton was momentarily out of a cab and strolling down the slope of the hump in West Fifty-seventh Street. A mushy snow-rain had just begun to fall, giving anyone with the price a splendid excuse for taking a cab anywhere for anywhere. Before the portal of the Great Northern Lights squatted four taxis in a line. In the driver's seat of the rearmost of these, and consequently the last on the rank, a lank human being was buried in an enormous turned-up collar roofed by a chauffeur's cap set at the angle of slumber.

Pamela, the very moment her eyes fell on the recumbent figure, felt that short, quick leap of the blood in her veins which is ordinarily termed a "hunch." She longed to step forward and raise the veiling head-gear, but she dared not, for not only was the hotel-starter on the job but also the window-shades of the Poppy Club next door were still elevated by special request, owing to the slippery state of the sidewalk in conjunction with the homeward-bound stream of dress-models.

As a consequence, she was necessarily content with opening the car door for

herself and stepping in. The starter politely begged her to pass to the taxi at the head of the rank and just as politely she informed him that her feet were wet enough as it was. In the meantime, even her light weight on the running-board had startled the driver into wakefulness, and, without going through any motions, he had heard the unforgettable tones of her voice.

The starter shrugged his shoulders, barked out an address in Fifty-ninth Street, and kindly offered to "turn her over for him." The driver laid trembling hands on the wheel and cautiously drew himself up to a sitting position without disturbing the shielding angle of his cap. Far from his troubled mind were thoughts of snow, the slush, and skidding. He threw in his clutch, started her with a jerk, rounded the cab in front successfully, skidded mightily thereafter, straightened her out, skidded again, and crashed, with a great splintering of spokes, broadside front on the curb directly before the delighted windows of the Poppy Club.

Nothing would have happened to Miss Thornton had she been sitting back in a lady-like manner, but at the moment of the cab's collision with the imperturbable curb, she was otherwise occupied; in short, the glass being a bit frosted, she was standing up trying to peek through the speaking-slot. As a consequence, when the door flew open with the shock, she also flew and volplaned to a landing on hands and knees in the very middle of the very wide sidewalk.

With a cry of, "Oh, miss!" the driver sprang toward her, but when, still on hands and knees, she looked up and gasped, "Oh, Randy—Mr. Randolph!" he turned and fled down the hill.

"Hi! You Slim Hervey!" yelled the starter. "Come back here an' sign up for the junk!"

In the meantime, which wasn't much more than the twinkling of an eye, three perennial near-youths dashed down the steps of the Poppy Club to the assistance of the loveliest trouble that had ever sent out an S. O. S. signal in the face, of ready help to the falling. Individually and collectively, they raised the curly-haired vision to its feet.

"It was Mr. Randolph," gasped the maiden in evident distress. "and I've been looking for him for weeks."

"Not Bobby!" exclaimed Mr. Nearcrost.

"Not Herve!" ejaculated Mr. Kittens.
 "Not Randy!" interjected Mr. Berry.

Pamela nodded three times, but her eyes failed to show wonder. Nowadays, everybody she ran into seemed to know everybody she knew by his first name.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Nearcrost, intent on getting there first with a remark—any remark: "does he owe you money, too?"

The effect was electrical. Miss Thornton assumed a freezing dignity. She fixed Mr. Nearcrost with steady eyes.

"How much does Mr. Randolph owe you?" she asked.

"Only tw-twenty," babbled Mr. Nearcrost.

"Well, here it is," said Pamela, drawing a yellowback from her chatelaine and thrusting it into Mr. Nearcrost's nerveless hand. "I happen to owe Mr. Randolph a great deal more than that." Wherewith he turned and made for the corner and the nearest telephone-booth.

"Charlie," said Mr. Kittens sadly to Mr. Berry, "look at him! Took the cash as usual and let the credit go." The narcotised Mr. Nearcrost gazed not at the gift, but at the disappearing giver.

Pamela was short of breath when she reached the telephone, but she managed to get Mr. Milyuns' residence on the wire and learned that he was detained at the office. She called up that safe den of the would-be undisturbed and connected with a new and strange drawl.

"You've got the wrong number, lady. This Mr. Milyuns went home early to celebrate his silver wedding."

"Will you put me through to Mr. Borden Milyuns," asked Pamela, in a sugar-sweet voice, "or do you really want to start looking for another job?"

"How do I know you know him—Miss Hurry, did you say? The office-boy ain't here, so I can't ask him. Leave me your number, an' I'll have him call you."

"Know him!" gulped Pamela, in a rage. "Why, I've k-kissed him!"

"Kissed Mr. Milyuns!" responded the voice, taking sudden notice. "Well, dearie, why didn't you say so? I thought

you was one of them high-class dames. If it's a matter of kissin' the boss over the wire, why, just you go to it. I won't listen—oh, no!"

And a moment later, Pamela, in a stream-line body:

"Oh, Mr. Milyuns, this is Pamela and I've found him! . . . Yes; Randy—Mr. Randolph. . . . No; he *got away!* . . . Yes. He's going under the name of Slim Hervey and he was driving the Village Cab Company's No. 1898, and he smashed it on the curb just in front of that horrid Poppy Club, and when he saw me, he *ran.* . . . Oh, you *will* get him, won't you? Please hurry. And now, if you'll hang up, I have a few words to say to that new telephone-girl of yours. . . . Oh, no; you needn't tell her; I can feel her sagging on the wire. . . . Oh, *will* you? Oh, thank you! It isn't as if she didn't deserve it."

PART III. THE ASCENT TO MARS.

WHEN Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph, alias Slim Hervey, chauffeur, vice Patrick O'Reilly, ex-driver of the Village Cab Company's No. 1898, skidded that vehicle disastrously to the curb in front of the Poppy Club and, as a result of his criminal negligence, in conjunction with Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton's reprehensible peeking occupation, hurled that young lady to the middle of the sidewalk on her hands and knees, he leaped from his seat on a spontaneous impulse to help her to her feet and administer every kind of first comfort that the occasion seemed to demand.

Two considerations, however, shot from the double-barrelled blunderbuss of Ridicule and Honour, caught him on the wing, as it were, and deflected his flight from west to east with a sharp turn due south at the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue. In the first place, out of the corner of his eye he had seen his one-time friends, Mr. Nearcrost, Mr. Kittens, and Mr. Berry descending the shallow club front steps in an avalanche, in the second place, he suddenly recollected that Miss Thornton was an heiress high above his present station and intent, as he had gathered from between the lines in various advertisements in the local press referring to the location of his person, on thanking and otherwise recompensing him for turning to the

right in a matter of ten thousand dollars a year, unearned increment.

As he gazed for one too brief second down into the pleading eyes and adorably eager face of this lovable vision on her hands and knees, which it seemed unbelievable he had once held in his arms, only the oft-repeated favourite poem of his nurse:—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more,

kept him from facing the avalanche of ridicule and giving the eternally searching Diogenes with his lantern a run for his money. As previously stated, it was not to be. Mr. Randolph turned from the waiting arms of the sweetest temptation ever reniged by man and made his swift way to the sanctum of Mr. Tourke O'Shaughnessy, foreman-manager of the Village Cab Company.

"Tourke," said Mr. Randolph, "I'm through. Smashed up the two off wheels of my waggon on the curb in front of the Poppy Club. Dock me thirty, please, and make out my pay-check."

"Through Slim? Whadda ya mean?" said Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "Think I'm goin' to sack you for a skid on a day like this? Pay for your fun, kid, but take another waggon."

Robert Randolph, alias Slim Hervey, shook his head.

"You don't understand," he said. "I've—I've lost my nerve."

"Lost your nerve!" gasped Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "Whadda ya mean by tellin' me a lie like that? Come on, now; draw a map! Did ye kill the inside?"

"Oh, no," said Slim; "that's just it. I mean the young lady is very much all right."

"I begin to get you," murmured Tourke. "Skirt on your track, eh?" A look of pity followed by one of loyalty crept into his eyes. "Look here, Slim," he continued: "I know that tryin' to trick a female is like playin' hockey with a stick o' dynamite, but we got a lot o' high cards to draw to. First shot out o' the box, all the boys here is for you. Then there's your frien's, the Force. I want to tell you, Slim, you're the first driver I ever had that could flatten out a cop on a busy day an' make him think it was a joke."

"Thanks," said Mr. Randolph, but shook his head sadly.

"Now, listen," resumed Mr. O'Shaughnessy: "I'm goin' to have the boys up here as they come in an' put 'em on. I the encr'acte, you slip out for a make-up. Get Sally-Painter round the corner to tone your face down to the colour of your freckles, do a little job on yer eye-brows, an' fix a deep scar in the upper lip of yer speakin'-tube. Get me?"

Mr. Randolph's widely placed blue eyes narrowed in an effort to examine the proposition shrewdly from all angles, and the light of hope was just beginning to dawn across the trouble in his honest face when there came a sharp knock on the door, followed promptly by the rattle of the loose knob and the unceremonious entry of one bird-like, bald-headed, dapper corporation lawyer and two corpulent gum-shoe plain-clothes men.

"Yere! Wot the—" exclaimed the outraged Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

The legal light paid him no heed and advanced on the fast-wilting Slim Hervey with outstretched hand.

"Robert!" he cried beamingly. "My dear boy, I'm glad to see you!"

"Don't take the glad hand, Slim," warned Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "The little runt may be tryin' to serve papers on yer. Now, gents, show yer warrant er I'll call the boys an' you take the consequences."

"I guess it's all right, Tourke," said Slim weakly. "They aren't going to pull me, exactly."

"I don't care whether they think they're goin' to pinch you er not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy, fixing malignant eyes on the two heavy flanking forces of the small lawyer. "I never did like the smell of fat." Suddenly he roared: "Hey! Boys!"

The two bulls, strayed into inhospitable pastures, turned, stepped cat-footed to the door, and took the flight of steps in three. They cannot be blamed, for they had recognised in Mr. O'Shaughnessy the man who had once been arrested for pushing over with one hand a Ford that had crowded him.

"Now, Robert," said the legal personage, apparently quite oblivious of the desertion of his supports, "I just want to talk with you. May I sit down?"

"Certainly, Mr. Milyuns," said Robert apathetically.

"Excuse me," murmured Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "Did I, or didn't I get the name correct?"

"I beg your pardon, Tourke," said Robert, "Mr. Borden Milyuns; Mr. Tourke O'Shaughnessy." He pronounced it "O'Shaughnessy," to the delight of the owner's ears, long unaccustomed to the correct intonation of the exotic patronymic.

"I *do* beg correct," said Mr. O'Shaughnessy, as he rose and tiptoed from the room. "I leave you gents to your family affairs," he added from the door, his eyes drinking a last view of the brain-king he had dared to call a runt.

During the next half-hour Mr. Milyuns delivered himself of an assorted lot of special pleading that he could have sold on the market almost any day for fifty thousand dollars, but the sole judge and object of his efforts still sat swinging one putteed leg in mid-air, as though fanning aside the valuable stream of golden words, and continued puffing at one cigarette after another, each lighted from the butt of its predecessor.

"It's no use, Mr. Milyuns," said Robert, at last. "The truth is, and you know it, that a meeting between myself and Pam—Miss Thornton, at the present time and under the exceptional conditions, could only bring about complications beyond the capability of any one of us to handle. Her proposal that she divide her income with me is so absurd that I am amazed at your imper—at your hardness in even mentioning it."

Mr. Milyuns wiped his brow for the first time in many years.

"I don't mind you calling me 'imperfect,' Robert," he said meekly. "Call me anything you please. Only"—and his voice rose gradually to a surprising volume—"don't forget that I promised one of the dearest, most unspoiled, lovable, and wholly adorable young persons that it's ever been my privilege to assure of the impossible that I would bring you to her, and, by the holy mackerel, I will—if I have to hold you by one ear with my teeth!"

Mr. Randolph took his latest cigarette from his mouth during this strictly illegal peroration, and allowed his lips to spread into a broad smile.

"Mr. Milyuns," he said, "I always did like you; now I've got a deeper feeling. They call it love. I admit to the human end of you that the only thing that keeps me from rushing straight away to call on the lady you so accurately described is

the fact that I haven't money and she has."

"But what about the job I offered you?" interjected Mr. Milyuns.

"I was coming to that," said Mr. Randolph. "I'm not keen on charity from you any more than from Miss Thornton, but—more than that—I wouldn't bury myself in your stuffy old skyscraper at any cash price known to man. In the first place, you belong to the most unoriginal of all professions, and, in the second, you make money too slowly."

"Make money too slowly!" gasped Mr. Milyuns, forgetting Mr. Randolph, Miss Thornton, and their affairs for the first time in three weeks, and remembering, for a change, and with a twinge of his hardened conscience, the size of his last retainer. "Ha!"

But Mr. Randolph allowed him no time for indulgence in vocal mirth.

"That's what I said," he continued, unmoved. "To meet Miss Thornton face to face and unashamed, I feel that I must have a capital of at least a hundred thousand."

He sank his head in thought for a moment. When he raised it again, the widely placed blue eyes were there. So was the saddle of faint freckles across his nose: so was the guarantee of honesty in his open face, but superimposed over all was a new look of sudden resolution.

"You will please tell Miss Thornton," he resumed, "that I shall do myself the honour of calling on her one week from the day after to-morrow at four in the afternoon. There is a condition, however, and it is that I be left alone without any mental reservation by her and you and your agents during the intervening time."

"One hundred thousand in nine days," murmured Mr. Milyuns sceptically. His great brain hung poised in thought for some time, but finally he nodded his acceptance of Robert's terms of capitulation and promptly left the room.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy presently returned and found his favourite driver sunk in strenuous reverie.

"Well, Mr.—er—Robert, are you going back to the folks?"

Mr. Randolph raised his head and smiled.

"Call me 'Slim,' please, Tourke—'Slim Hervey' for a while yet. I've decided to accept your offer of another

waggon for a week or two—that is, if you realize you'll be doing me just a plain, unornamental favour."

"Sure, kid!" said Mr. O'Shaughnessy, flushing, as does all his kind on the verge of gratitude. "That's all right."

"Thanks a lot!" said Mr. Randolph. "And do you mind if I take the Wall Street beat for awhile? I need money."

"Why, Slim, what's got ye? Ye know that's the rottenest short-run stand in town. Now, ef it's money you want—" Mr. O'Shaughnessy reached slowly down into his capacious trousers pocket, his eyes, meanwhile, studying Mr. Randolph's physiognomy with a shrewd glint that had forestalled many a clever attempt at a touch in years gone by.

"Yes, money," said Mr. Randolph pensively; "a hundred thousand dollars' worth."

Tourke's face underwent a startling change, as though it had tumbled down a whole ladder of emotions until it landed with a jolt on a solid platform of infinite pity.

"Take any beat ye like, boy, while yer c'n hold the wheel," he said, at the same time jamming the brakes down on his too generous hand. "An' be sure your ol' frien' Tourke ain't goin' to forget to come to the hospital to see you"—he finished almost with a sob—"often."

For five, restless, heart-breaking days, Mr. Randolph and his cab were at the beck and call of every short-horn curbside broker that wanted his friends and customers to see him start away from the scene of others' labours in a taxi. The vast assurance that had graced him when he allowed Mr. Milyuns to infer that nine days was plenty in which to pick up a hundred thousand and that had also tinged a remark made some weeks before to a Miss Madge Van Tellier to the effect that the great thing nowadays was to avoid having too much money had been gradually worn to a ragged frazzle.

Mr. Randolph was on the point of trying to persuade himself that he was giving way to the too constant strain rather than to any defect in his philosophy of the easiness of wealth when an excited and hatless elevator-boy rushed up and said:

"Here, youse! Mr. Embonpoint Morgum's car has froze. Ring your ol' fire-alarm."

Mr. Randolph almost knocked over a fare that was attempting to get inside.

"Engaged!" he growled, as he stooped to "turn her over."

Five minutes later, his cab was carrying, in the persons of Mr. Morgum, above-mentioned, and another, the potential pivots of very tight-vested interests to the tune of twelve billion dollars. It may be thought that it was Slim Hervey's intention to waft this precious pair to some bosky retreat, cover them with leaves, and hold them for ransom, but such was not the case. He desired nothing from these two potentates among a race of lucre giants beyond what might come to him through his ever-open speaking-slot.

This is all he heard:

"Lewisfader is getting kind of fresh."

"That's what I been thinkin'."

"When?"

"What about Friday, when the Bunkers-Bollweevil report comes out?"

"Good idea! Friday it is."

Not another word, but, as it happened, it was enough to start Mr. Randolph honking up-town the moment he had dropped his laconic fares at their next board meeting. No one had to tell him who Lewisfader was; he had been to college with that financier's son, and if there was one thing above all others that said off-spring was good at, it was blowing his father's horn. Lewisfader was this and Lewisfader was that, but principally and especially he was the central rock in the money maelstrom known to the stock-market as "Amal. I. S. & C.," which had only lately dared to swell its portentous belly in the company of the most developed and vicious saurians of the financial world.

All the way up-town, Mr. Randolph's face was concentrated in the nearest approach to a frown of which it was capable. He was not, however, weighing the substance of what he had heard this way and that, for the simple reason that the moment the one word, "Lewisfader," had reached his ears, he had seen the great light and grasped his hunch beyond any thought of looking back. That part of it was settled: what worried him now was the amount of ways and means in his pocket. By thinking very hard, he added up his capital without bringing it

forth to the light of day. The exact sum was sixty-eight dollars and fifty cents.

No sooner had he passed the test in mental arithmetic than he drew up a little beyond the front door of the Rocket Club. He started to leave his cab, paused, considered, and then deliberately lowered his flag. As he entered the lobby of the club, four scandalized fronts leaped to bar his way. They asked him a variety of boring questions: Did he think it was a night lunch-wagon? Which chambermaid was he calling on? Was he looking for Mills's Hotel?

"Herbert!" roared Mr. Randolph.

The functionary named, head doorman for the Rocket Club since first it started on its appropriately meteoric career, leaped from his dignified seat on the somnolent side-lines and stared wide-eyed at the servile apparition that had dared stain the open salience to that inviolate portal.

"Mr. Randolph!" he gasped at last, and the stumped fronts started to sink away.

"Hold on, there!" said Mr. Randolph, and divested himself of cap to one, overcoat to another, gloves to the third, and asked the fourth for a light. "Herbert," he continued, in modulated tones, "the cab outside is waiting for Mr. R. H. Randolph. It may be there for some time. Have an eye kept on it."

"Yes, Mr. Randolph. I'll see to it, Mr. Randolph. George, Mr. Randolph's letters."

"Never mind the letters," countermanded the oft-named one, and proceeded to thread his way to a certain small room strategically placed well

within the depths of the edifice and far from the maddening tumult of the streets.

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

A young New York bachelor, Robert Hervey Randolph, has an income of ten thousand a year left him by Brewster Thornton, banker, which is to be his so long as a niece of the banker's, Imogene Pamela Thornton, who disappeared when a child, does not turn up. Randolph wants to marry Madge van Tellier, but not only does she realise the precariousness of his fortune, but she thinks that he does not look on life with sufficient seriousness, and would never be able to earn his living. Randolph resolves to show her that he can. Leaving her home, he enters a taxi-cab, unknown to the chauffeur, and is driven to the stage-door of a theatre, where he sees a friend of his trying to fawn a chorus-girl. He crosses the man down and takes the girl off in the cab. They ride through the park, and Randolph discovers her to be the heiress now known on the boards as Vivienne Violette. He takes her to his apartment on Fifty-ninth Street, and installs her there, making her promise to remain until ten o'clock the following morning. He then returns to the cab, and, with sufficient money, induces the chauffeur to exchange clothes with him, agreeing to be responsible for the vehicle. Early the next day he goes to the home of Jordan Milyuns, Thornton's lawyer, and jingles word to him that Imogene Pamela will receive him that morning between nine and ten at the Fifty-ninth Street address. He then takes the cab back to the garage, whose proprietor, delighted at the reading of the taxi-meter, readily agrees that he replace the chauffeur, who, Randolph explains, lost his job to him shooting craps. Mr. Milyuns goes to the apartment, and satisfies himself in regard to the girl's identity. Learning of her good fortune, she declares she will take only half the income. Under the chaperonage of Mrs. Milyuns, Imogene Pamela becomes a great favourite in society. Meanwhile, there is nothing more heard of Randolph, in spite of Mr. Milyuns' strenuous efforts to find him.

INTERNATIONAL LAW AT SEA.

Mr. H. Storry Dennis, LL.B., a well-known legal authority, contributes an interesting article upon "The Laws of War at Sea, 1914-18" to *The Shipping World*. He points out that the Hague Conventions have the force of a treaty because they were solemnly agreed to by all the nations, but that these Conventions were broken, not only by Germany, but also by the Allies. He justifies Great Britain's action in breaking them on the ground that German frigatefulness made

it necessary for her to adopt stringent measures. He says:—

"It seems to me clear that if Germany had not proclaimed the 'war zone,' and had not followed it up by numerous atrocities, Great Britain would have had no sort of right to proclaim her quasi-blockade. Nor do I think that neutrals would have submitted to it. Thus Germany herself provided the rope which ultimately strangled her. I do not anticipate that any other country, nor Germany herself, will again give the British fleet such an opening. The lesson has been too severe. The advocates of unlicensed sea pressure must, therefore, be

warned that, unless a real blockade is possible, it will never be practicable again for this country to do to an enemy what she has done to Germany. If she attempted it, she would be guilty of an illegal act, and abusing her position as mistress of the seas. On the other hand, if any other nation should attempt "frightfulness," it is now established that we can use our sea power to strangle her as we strangled Germany.

He points out that what is called the blockade was not really a blockade at all. It originated in a British Order, which "forbade all sea-borne commerce into or out of Germany, whether direct or indirect, and had all the effects of a blockade, and others besides." The measure, he considers, was just and necessary, and must now be accepted as part of international law, as it was acquiesced in by all the neutrals, excepting the Scandinavian countries and Holland, which were too weak to resist.

He holds that the neutral signatories to the Hague Conventions ought to have strongly protested against the treatment of seamen both by the German and the British Governments. At the same time he thinks Great Britain was fully entitled to decline to set free any German seamen who fell into British hands, owing to the fact that the Germans had not liberated merchant seamen captured by them. The Convention, dealing with the matter, which was solemnly agreed to by all the Powers in 1907, reads: "The Captain, officers, and members of the crew, if subjects or citizens of the enemy State, are not made prisoners of war, provided that they undertake, on the faith of a written promise, not to engage while hostilities last in any service connected with the operations of war."

Here was a pact not made between Great Britain and Germany only; but between both

of them and the rest of the world. It was to the advantage of everybody, and particularly by way of precedent, that the pact should be enforced on the first opportunity when occasion arose. Had the United States, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Spain, and all other neutral maritime Powers entered a vigorous protest against the breach originally committed, it is just possible that they might have enforced respect for the Convention. Instead, they chose to treat it as a matter concerning the belligerents, and the belligerents alone—a short-sighted policy that had far-reaching consequences.

If the League of Nations is to be of any avail, it is certain that all nations composing the League must be prepared to enforce the rules laid down by it for international conduct. The Hague Conventions were as binding as any international agreement has ever been; even the German Prize Court decided that they were binding on Germany! Yet the signatory Powers, one and all, allowed them to be disregarded right and left, so that now they must be regarded as a mere expression of pious opinions.

The Conventions relating to the status of enemy merchant ships at the outbreak of hostilities were also ignored by all parties. These Conventions have often been explained in these pages, and are to the effect that ships of a belligerent found at the commencement of hostilities in an enemy port ought to be allowed to depart home freely. The British Government, Mr. Deans says, originally gave enemy ships a fortnight to clear out of British ports, and endeavour to get home, but he goes on:—

The good faith of Germany not being quite clear, the Order-in-Council was made conditional on the German Government extending similar treatment to British ships in German ports. . . . The Germans seized every British ship and every ounce of British cargo on which they could lay their hands, and refused to release any. As a consequence the Order-in-Council became a dead letter. Again, one inquires, why did not the other signatories interfere to enforce respect for the common agreement?

PEACE OR WAR?

Mr. Austin Harrison contributes two interesting articles to his magazine, *The English Review*. In the first he tells of his election contest with Mr. Lloyd George; in the second, he discusses the making of a true Peace. His decision to fight the Prime Minister in his home constituency was arrived at suddenly, and he undertook the contest solely in order to force Mr. Lloyd George to make a definite declaration concerning conscription. He found great difficulty in getting any-

body to propose and second him, but was finally successful. He had only three meetings, and was badly defeated, but he achieved his object. In his manifesto issued three days before the poll, the Prime Minister declared that "conscription depended upon the nature of the Peace." On the day of the polling, however, posters appeared all over the constituency calling for votes "for the Prime Minister and *no conscription*." "Thus," says Mr. Harrison, "my object had

been attained. I had forced Mr. Lloyd George to make a clear statement of policy on the League of Nations. The contest showed that he had to take this seriously, as it was the only alternative to conscription." He mentions incidentally that none of his election literature was allowed to go to the 4900 absent soldiers, and apparently he found most of his supporters amongst the returned men.

In his second article, Mr. Harrison says:—

Perhaps the chief difficulty of the Allies at the Peace Conference, out of which the principles governing the League of Nations are to be defined, will lie in the formulation of justice towards an enemy who has shown such cold brutality in war, and particularly towards helpless prisoners. At the beginning of the war I wrote again and again about this German "intelligent brutality." I showed that it was part of the German military system, terrorism being an accepted instrument of their war-theory, and I therefore urged that we should take very strong Governmental measures to bring home to the Germans that reprisals would be immediately adopted in the event of their necessity. But at that time the Government failed to understand the enemy. I was laughed at for presuming to "instruct" them. To-day the story of the prisoners presents a terrible indictment calculated in no small way to influence the work of construction. It is one of those things that we are not likely to forget, and will brand the Germans for generations.

All the same, he says, it is the duty of every man who writes to weigh his words, for the need of the hour is fearlessness sincerity, and he tells the following incident to show that there are two sides to every question:—

I could not help feeling this the other evening in a railway carriage, where I sat with some half-dozen repatriated prisoners, and they told me of their sufferings. But just before I got out, a man who had hitherto been silent, spoke. He had been a prisoner since 1914.

"We must not forget," he said, "the number of old men, women, and children who died from semi-starvation due to the blockade. Thousands died. That is why Germans treated the English so badly. They treated the French quite well. It was us they ill-treated, and they said openly, 'Because we were starving them.'"

So spoke a soldier. His words represent the other side. They constitute yet one more reason why the nations should try to remove the causes of war, try to make war in modern scientific conditions what it certainly is, a scourge to European civilisation.

Mr. Harrison takes exactly the same view as I have expressed in earlier numbers—that is to say, that if we compel German disruption, if we

annex German territory, and make impossible demands on the German people, there will be no Peace in the world. "We may make terms of Peace," says Mr. Harrison, "which will necessitate conscription, and which, therefore, would automatically invalidate any idea of a League of Nations."

Men and women should attentively realise this, because afterwards it will be too late. If, for example, France is allowed to annex the left bank of the Rhine—and the proposal has been put forward in the Press—we shall be compelled to maintain an army of a million men, with conscription as the basis of the reserves. There will be no escape from this. France, with a declining population before the war, will not have the men permanently to hold the annexed territory—unaided. If we allow ourselves to be involved into making a Peace of annexation, the ultimate defence of that territory will fall upon us; its condition will control all our foreign policy; will definitely associate us with the European system; must compromise our whole outlook and our military policy. We shall not be free to be independent; we shall be bound to France. Now that must entail conscription, which is the very thing we entered the war to destroy. Needless to say, there will be no League of Nations in such an eventuality.

Supposing we bring about German disruption, a proposal which has been strongly supported in England and Australia, only force can preserve such a state of chaos. In other words, Western Europe will have to continue militarism to stifle its reappearance in Central Europe. Can we safely undertake this task, asks Mr. Harrison, even if we want to? Nations cannot be crushed permanently, and we have Russia still to deal with. A good many people here, and elsewhere, deride the idea of a League of Nations, urging instead the making of a "good old-fashioned Peace." They little realise what such a Peace would involve them in. Mr. Harrison gives the following warning:—

Failure to obtain a League of Nations Peace means continuous armaments and conscription, and there is no alternative. And any Peace which treats Germany as an outlaw or forces conditions upon the Germans incompatible with the right of opportunity will have to be upheld by force—which, needless to say, will be a dangerous experiment in the absence of a militarist Russia as Ally; still more so in the absence of America, who is hardly likely to associate herself with the European power system on an Allied power basis. The balance of power has been changed, to what extent the war has shown us. The war—war is a matter of balance—was won because at the supreme crisis America was able to throw into the

balance her magnificent young troops, thereby turning the scales, as Marshal Joffre recently said. But without that American balance a peace would not be a permanent peace. We and France would have to remain armed to the teeth, the guardians of our annexations, and eventually that would become a democratic issue, and might even become a revolutionary issue.

He refers briefly to the election nonsense about gigantic indemnities of £30,000,000,000, pointing out that the limit of an indemnity, particularly if at the same time we are not disposed to trade with Germany, is easily fixed, because easily ascertained. In this last instance Germany's refuge is Bolshevism.

The real issue, then, before the world is whether militarism can be rendered unnecessary; and really nothing else matters, because all reconstruction here must depend upon European construction or order. All the conditions for construction are present as never before in history. Not only has war been found out, but the forces which make war have been found out. We have discovered new values. We stand thus at the threshold of a new meaning to history. It is to find the definition and equation of opportunity.

This, of course, means sacrifice of attitude. It means that the world is to be invited to think, not on the map of ambitious isolations, but as a whole for the whole. In this essentially democratic work, Britain should lead the way. We entered this war with absolutely clean hands; our task is thus educative, corrective, constructive. The monster of war lies at our feet. Europe literally has been fought down to her own militarist negation. We hold the scales—on sea and on land. We and America are the masters of the world. We and America can be the true founders of the new morality.

The problems of nations are problems of life, and they can only be dealt with constructively in that spirit. That will be our and President Wilson's opportunity. Assuredly the world never had a greater one. To approach it with levity is an affront to our dead and a slur upon common sense. Much, perhaps all, will depend upon the courage and independence of our statesmanship. We and America hold the balance, and it will be our business to strike the balance. We can bring about harmony and disarmament, or we can bring back conscription. That is the issue of the greatest Peace Conference in history. If the thought of the world looks to President Wilson, the responsibility of the Prime Minister is no whit the less. For he holds in his hands the fate of Peace or War.

FOSTER-FATHERING FRANCE.

Mrs. Waldron tells in *Collier's* of a most interesting development in connection with the orphan children of French soldiers who have fallen in the war. Some time ago Otis Mygatt, an American engineer living in Paris, conceived the idea of arranging for the adoption of French orphans by Americans, not in a haphazard way, but in systematic fashion.

In a sentence, the plan is this: That an American doctor shall undertake the education of the children of a French doctor who has died in his hospital; that an American architect shall make it possible for the son of a French architect, fallen on the field of honour, to follow in his father's profession; that an American farmer shall put a fallen French cultivator's family on its feet. How could one better make sure that the aid will be intelligent and sympathetic? The financial arrangement becomes but the basis for a real relationship. Once a month, at least, the child or his mother writes to the American, giving news of the family and of the child's progress, perhaps samples of his school work. In his replies the American has a chance to be as helpful a father as it is in him to be, and he returns news of the American home. So the friendship begins.

Over 5000 children have been adopted, although no publicity has been given to the movement. It is anticipated that

many more thousands of French boys and girls will be found American foster-parents. The scheme will not only provide for a large number of children who would otherwise have had little chance of obtaining a good education, but it will also cement the friendship already existing between the United States and France. According to cabled reports over 30,000 French wives are being taken home by American soldiers across the Atlantic, and it is certain that the connection between the two countries will be far closer than it has ever been in the past.

With regard to the adoption of children, says Mrs. Waldron, some people ask why efforts are being made to help a portion of the people who have always enjoyed comparative ease, instead of confining the scheme to those in poor circumstances.

The answer is twofold. First, because that ease is a thing of the past and those who once enjoyed it are precisely those who have suffered most economically from the war; and, second, because ordinary relief measures do not meet their peculiar need. It is the need to go on doing the things they are best suited to do, to hold their place in the scheme of things.

On the streets of Paris between the disconcerting sight of one woman in unaccustomed

sables paid for by her husband's mushroom war factory, and another woman returning from her day's work in that factory, and filling her market basket on the way with more meat at one dollar a pound than before the war she could afford to buy at twenty-five cents, you will see a hurrying inconspicuous throng of women, mostly in black, concealing shabbiness by neatness. If you follow them to their work, perhaps in one of the Government offices, or if you enter their homes, you will discover the tragedy of the educated French. All prices have at least tripled; many incomes have disappeared. Favourable foreign loans have ceased to pay dividends! A law meant to protect the families of the mobilised prevents landlords from demanding their rents. The breadwinner, and often a whole generation of cousins, have been killed or disabled. The mother is in most cases untrained to wage-earning work. Add to this list the family pride of the French, an almost religious sense of duty in upholding the family tradition. Yes, wounded pride adds to the family sufferings, nevertheless this pride will somehow keep the children together and alive. When a soldier died recently leaving three motherless children, an obscure second cousin, a poor man with children of his own, appeared at the hospital to claim the orphans.

No fewer than eleven French societies are connected with the organisation started by Mr. Mygatt and his wife. These societies were organised by the

French people themselves in order to take care of their own. Perhaps one of the most interesting of these is called *La Mutuelle*, which was founded by Frederick Masson, the famous historian and academician on the day when he met the first widow of the war.

Ah, but there are stories hidden in the books of *La Mutuelle*! For there you will find the families of doctors and lawyers, of professors and journalists, who, having no military rank at the beginning of the war, received but the regulation five cents a day, and when killed as privates during that first year (rank is a matter of time in the French army) left their widows with pensions of thirty-five cents a day with twenty-five cents extra for each child.

The writer gives many touching accounts of what she read in these books, which serve to show how complete has been the ruin of well-to-do families owing to the war. Mr. Mygatt has confined his attention solely to the United States, but it would help to further cement the *Entente Cordiale* between France and the British Empire if a similar scheme were adopted in Great Britain and the self-governing Dominions.

SOCIALISM RUN MAD.

Mr. Henry Pearson does not enter into any discussion of the rights and wrongs of Bolshevism in his article in *The Nineteenth Century*. He simply tells the plain tale of what he suffered in prison at the hands of Lenin's men. For twenty-five years this Englishman had lived quietly in Petrograd. He was unconnected with the British Embassy, but had called there on business on the day it happened to be raided, when Captain Cromie was killed. Mr. Pearson suggests that the Bolsheviks stormed the Embassy with the object of capturing the captain, and that it was in defending himself rather than in attempting to prevent the Embassy being entered that he lost his life.

After his brutal arrest, Mr. Pearson was rushed through the town in a motor car, a half-mad sailor holding a revolver to his head all the time. He was then taken before two commissaries, ferocious-looking Jews, who accused him of plotting with the White Guards, the Czecho-Slovaks, and the Counter Revolutionary parties. His explanations were ignored.

After another hour had passed, I was summoned into the presence of the second commissary, the one who had charged me with shooting in the Embassy. In the meantime he had changed rooms, and received me alone. He was in an absolute rage, and behaved like a madman, flourishing his revolver, and threatening to shoot me on the spot, asserting that all British people were deceitful and cunning swine, and finally assuring me that the Bolsheviks intended to organise a rising in England. He swore repeatedly, that within an hour I should be shot like a dog, and, in proof of this, wrote out my death warrant in red ink, a sure sign of "smiert" (death).

He mentions that practically all the commissaries were Jews, and that most of them spoke English with a strong American accent. After remaining foodless for a couple of days with ninety-seven other people, in a small room infested with vermin, he and all the British and French, together with several Russian aristocrats, were marched off to the dreaded fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Arrived there, they were led—to his intense relief—to the Troubetskoy Bastion, which is above water level, instead of to the horrible dungeons below.

Corridor after corridor we traversed, meeting the anxious gaze of prisoners, peering out of the peep-holes in the cell-doors. It was a ghastly sight—those white faces of poor starving creatures, worn out by months of hunger and suspense and brutal treatment, their big staring eyes almost starting out of their sockets. We went on and on, through all the length of the passages until five of us Englishmen were ordered to halt opposite the last cell but one, No. 71. The guard opened the cell-door, and what a sight met our eyes! Fifteen men, all Russians, were lying on the cold, damp floor, and we were nearly suffocated by the foul air of the place. Can you imagine a cell originally constructed for one person, measuring ten feet by twenty, and about eight feet in height, with a small barred window set near the ceiling; a little door, with a peep-hole near the centre, just big enough for a head to pass through; one small iron bedstead, minus mattress, bedclothes or pillows; a little iron table riveted to the white-washed wall; and floor of cement. Twenty men were confined in this small space! The only place to lie or sit was on the cold floor, swarming with vermin of various kinds. Most of the Russians had been months in this prison, and were mere skeletons, too weak to stand up, having tasted no food for four days. They were utterly dispirited and broken down, and dirty and filthy in the extreme, and what crime had they committed? Some had been officers in the former army; some had refused to join the Red Army. They were all intellectuals, who had had the misfortune to spring from good families. None had been guilty of taking up arms against the Bolsheviks. Most of them were fine fellows, and, as soon as they learnt we were British, they squeezed up closer together, giving us the best places on the floor; but what a tight place was that cell, not an inch to spare, we were indeed "cribbed, cabined, and confined," and the air, as they say, you could have cut with a knife.

Mothers, sisters, wives haunted the prison gates with provisions, but were driven away at the point of the bayonet, whilst the prisoners had to exist on a substance miscalled soup and some rotten fish. Finally, by bribing one of the guards, the British got a message through to the Dutch Minister, who managed to get parcels through for them. Had it not been for his energy and insistence, says Mr. Pearson, we would all have been shot.

We endeavoured to cheer up our Russian fellow-prisoners, but hope had deserted their hearts, and all were depressed and discouraged by months of suffering and acute hunger and cruel treatment. The Bolsheviks have employed every form of cruelty it is possible to devise, and gloat over the sufferings of their victims. The movement is run almost exclusively by Jews.

At last the prisoners were ordered to get their things together, and word went round that they were to be sent to Cronstadt.

I cannot express the agony in my mind as we were driven at a trot to the entrance of the Fortress. Old men, of seventy and eighty years of age, were clubbed by the Red Guards with the butt-ends of their rifles, many were knocked half-senseless, and were unable to rise. The fiendish Guards kicked them about, with all the foulest oaths imaginable ordering them to get up, and pulling out their revolvers and threatening to shoot them. Several old priests were tottering alone, bent double under the weight of their rugs and bundles. The guards seized some of them by their long white beards, and dragged them along, more dead than alive. Just as we got to the entrance, the order was given for the British and French prisoners to be taken back to their cells. Till this day, how my heart aches, when I think of the dreadful fate of those fine young fellow-prisoners of mine! How I had learnt to admire their kindly and lovable natures, and their gentle and gentlemanly bearing; not a word of reproach against their torturers. Sadly and silently they left us, with a clasp of the hand and a friendly good-bye. Afterwards we learnt that most of them had been thrown overboard on the way to Cronstadt, and the rest, who can tell where they are (if any are left alive)? One anxious old mother, who came day after day to the Fortress gate, begging for some news of her son, was at last told to pray for his soul. Most of the survivors were shot, and a few may be left, slowly dying in the damp dungeons of Cronstadt. Many bodies were washed up on the Finnish coast, bound together, two and two, with barbed wire.

With the departure of the Russians the cells became less crowded, but the filth and vermin remained. The prisoners were allowed out at rare intervals for a five-minute walk in the corridors, which were almost as horrible as the cells themselves. He tells the following story as being typical of what was constantly occurring:—

A few cells away were confined some Generals of the old army, together with some members of the old nobility. One of the Generals was over eighty years of age, with a long white beard, a most patriarchal-looking old fellow with a kindly face, whom I met several times, on the rare occasions when we were let out of the cells for a five-minutes' walk in the corridor. These people were particularly obnoxious to the Commandant and the Red Guards, and, with devilish ingenuity, they invented the following mode of persecution. Orders were given to seal up the little opening in the window, about five inches by four inches and the only means by which outside air can enter the cells. Next they sealed up the little peep-hole in the door and left the cell absolutely hermetically closed for two days, and not a particle of food was given to the poor unfortunate prisoners. At the end of two days the few women whose business it is to take round the soup begged the commandant to open the cell, when they found most of its occupants unconscious, and the rest unable to stand. They had crawled up to the cell door, trying to save their lives by

breathing the little air which came from underneath. Truly it has been said that the Bolsheviks are devils in human form. No one was allowed to visit us, nor were we ever allowed outside for a breath of fresh air.

After nearly two months in prison Mr. Pearson was released broken in health, with heart affected and nerves shattered. All the time he was expecting to be taken out and shot. In conclusion he says:—

UNSCRAMBLING EGGS AT LILLE.

Will Irwin, whose letters from Germany in the early days of the war were of the deepest interest, writes a most informative article on the "Lille Triangle," in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Lille-Roubaix-Tourcoing, the chief cities of what is known as the Triangle were unequalled for productiveness in France. To look at them to-day you would think they had escaped undamaged. "There they all stand, substantial and unbeautiful manufacturing cities, built of bright red brick, row on row of two-story tenement houses much alike." But, though the shell remains, the meat has vanished. For all practical purposes the Germans have ruined the district utterly. The machinery has all been spirited away from the factories. There does not appear to have been any wanton destruction. The acres of machines in the Triangle were used as replacement units for German factories. The blockade prevented the Germans from getting copper and other things necessary for repairs, and they therefore systematically raided the French factories for what they needed. All the copper and brass fittings went quickly. Shortage of leather and rubber caused the abstraction of every machine belt in the Triangle. Later the machines themselves, especially in the chemical and metallurgical factories, were shipped bodily to Germany.

An important industry of the Triangle was the spinning and weaving of linens. The flax needed was obtained almost entirely from Courland. That province fell early into German hands, and, instead of freighting the flax across Europe to be manufactured into linen at Lille, the Germans transported the machines from the Triangle to the flax in Courland. In taking away every fragment of copper and the like, the Germans destroyed

Faint and weary from weakness, I stumbled along, with head nearly bursting from the effects of the fresh air. I made my way home, ten miles away, where I utterly broke down. I felt that I required a quiet rest and a sojourn in England, a land of real liberty and freedom; and I pray God she may be kept from the blighting and monstrous inhumanities, the murders and robberies of the travesty of a system known as Bolshevism, which is really Socialism run mad.

much valuable machinery, but it was not until they combed out their miners to obtain soldiers for their great drives of 1918 that they used the Triangle as an iron mine and began shipping the steel and iron of machines as scrap to Germany to make up for the deficiency in iron ore owing to the reduced production of their iron districts.

At the very last systematic destruction was decided on, and machines that could not be removed had mines placed under them. These mines, thousands of them, were, however, never fired. With defeat certain, and with President Wilson's warnings and Clemenceau's threats in their ears, the Germans abandoned their policy of wholesale destruction, and blew up only military stores, bridges, and the like. It is interesting to read Mr. Irwin on this point, as we were assured at the time that the Germans had utterly destroyed all the factories at Lille and Roubaix. It is estimated that the value of the raw materials and finished products the Germans took from the Lille Triangle reached 2,000,000,000 francs, whilst the value of the lost and damaged machines is given at the same round figure. It is impossible that the looted machinery can ever be returned, as the parts have been scattered all over industrial Germany. The Lille manufacturers, however, demand restitution, not in cash, but in kind.

So as soon as the principle of restitution in kind is written into the Peace terms the Lille industrialists hope to see a commission, furnished with all the necessary data concerning the needs of the factories in the Triangle, on a voyage of retribution through Germany. For every machine destroyed or taken away this commission will seize an equivalent machine from the German factories and have it shipped back. The question of who furnishes the machines interests the Lille industrialists but little. What they want is restitution; and this

seems to their direct French minds the simplest method.

It is not entirely simple, however. There arises, for example, the question of transportation. Lille, like most old and powerful manufacturing cities, did not spring up in a year, nor yet in a decade. It has been accumulating its industrial wealth ever since the era of steam manufacture began. As I have shown, the Germans, using every odd corner of their railway transportation, worked for four years to get these machines out of the Triangle. When the strain of war is removed the railroads will no longer have to transport enemy munitions, troops and equipment; on the other hand, from the moment when production recommences they will have to busy themselves with raw materials and finished products. It is perhaps not too much to say that the job of packing, transporting and reassembling the commandeered German machines may take a year and a-half or two years. If during those years the remaining German machines resume production on the old scale the war will be lost so far as the Lille industrial men are concerned.

But whilst the setting up of new machinery is a big problem, a still more formidable one is that of coal and labour. Lille had to rely for flax on Russia and Germany, and most of her cotton and wool came from overseas; she drew her coal, though, from near at hand, and therefore got it very cheaply. But Lens, the centre of the coalfield, was more completely smashed up by guns, Allied and German, than any other town in France, and, in addition, the Germans systematically destroyed the mines.

Mining engineers came down from Germany to direct the work, and in all cases the procedure was about the same. First they blew up the workings with dynamite or with big shells, so giving free communication between the main shafts and every part of the workings. Then they piped water to the main shafts and let it run until the mine overflowed. Not a mine in that part of the Lens district which they took escaped this destruction. There remains only a fringe of small workings in that district from which the British held them back last March. . . . Restoring the Lens fields will be a terribly long and expensive process. The French say that it will take four or five years. A practical American mining man who has made a rapid survey of the district differs with them. He thinks that if they will give up the old shafts as a bad job and will sink new ones they may get these fields to producing within two years.

"If it were the only industrial problem of France, they might do it; but—" he says.

That is the trouble—France has so many pressing problems. If the restoration of the mines stood alone she might tackle it with brave heart. But while you are considering the restoration of the coal mines other questions keep crowding in—the housing problem, the rebuilding of

the factories in the ruined cities, the restoration of the devastated land to cultivation, the search for raw materials, and that same question of the Lille machinery.

The Belgian mines have not been destroyed, but, in them, as in the British, output has run ahead of development, and the production for some years must fall off. English coal is necessarily more expensive than that from Lens used to be, and will be still more so now owing to increased wages.

Moreover, when Peace restores open competition and competitive prices, it is doubtful whether the manufacturers of Lille can work at a profit with British coal.

Germany may be forced to supply Lille with coal until the Lens mines are reopened, or the French demand for the Saar field may be conceded by the Allies. But labour, after all, is going to prove the most serious difficulty. The success of the manufacturers of the Triangle rested upon the personnel of the factories.

France, kept in the running with her textiles not because she could manufacture more cheaply than England, Germany or Spain—for she could not—but because of the French knack for turning out a product that caught the feminine sense of beauty. That is the natural monopoly of the French. Milan discovered long ago that she could produce common grades of silks cheaper than Lyons; in twenty-five years she almost destroyed the French industry in cheap silks. But year after year, unshaken, Lyons has held her supremacy in the better grades of silk fabrics, such as brocades. So the dainty cotton fabrics, the fine wools, which helped the French dress-makers hold the supremacy of their craft, came from the Triangle—the work of designers with originality and a sense of "chic," and of foremen and even operatives who regarded cloth making, even by machinery, as an art. When we spoke of fine cotton fabrics and of linens the adjective "French" gave always a cachet; and for this the personnel of the factories was responsible. . . . How many of his old employees he can get back, and, most importantly, how many of his experts, no manufacturer, of the Triangle knows as yet. No factor of the whole uncertain situation is more uncertain than this.

The casualties amongst the northern regiments of France were exceedingly heavy, and the death-rate amongst the civilian population who were in a semi-starved condition for years was very high. In addition, as a Lille cotton man said, "Our people need a little rest. They are undernourished and tired. Just plain tired. I shouldn't want to start my factory up now."

PEACE CONFERENCES THAT HAVE FAILED.

Under the above title Mr. Lothrop Stoddard contributes a brief article to *The World's Work*. He tells of the Conferences which arranged the Peace Treaties terminating the Thirty Years' War, the Napoleonic Wars, the Crimean War, and the Russo-Turkish War.

The spirit which animated the diplomatists at Munster and Osnabruck, the Catholic and Lutheran neighbour cities, where the Peace terminating the religious struggle of 1618-1648 was drawn up, was depressingly selfish and short-sighted.

The long wrangles about etiquette were paralleled by equally lengthy dickers over minute territorial compensations, in selfish forgetfulness of the fact that all the while a dreadful war was raging which was turning Central Europe into a blasted wilderness. Only at rare intervals were voices raised for an honest endeavour to concert such general measures as would render a recurrence of the existing horrors possible. To most of the assembled diplomats the one thing that mattered was the immediate advantage of their particular State, no matter what the harm inflicted upon other States or upon the future welfare of Europe. Indeed, the very idea of a European commonweal was practically absent, some slight lip-service to the contrary notwithstanding.

All the Peace Conferences during the following 150 years were marked by the same absorption with immediate material issues, and with the same disregard of general constructive ends. Things were different at the famous Vienna Conference in 1814. Public opinion at that time asked of the statesmen deputed to reconstruct Europe's shattered framework more than a mere shifting of boundary posts. It demanded a settlement made in the general interest of the commonweal of Europe, and looking to the prevention of future catastrophes. The bright morning with which the Congress opened was soon overcast with clouds, and the meeting rapidly degenerated into the familiar scramble for territories and selfish special advantages, and ended in a hasty compromise, which did not even pretend to be a constructive settlement. Many of the monarchs and statesmen who attended it, however, notably, the Tsar Alexander I., were seized with the "European idea," and, after Waterloo, drew together to devise means of securing to war-worn Europe a long period of rest and security. A sort of standing committee of the four great Powers—

Russia, Prussia, Austria and Great Britain—was formed to deal with common concerns in Europe. It lasted but four years, but it laid the foundation of the Concert of Europe, which somehow or other managed to preserve Peace in Europe for forty years. Of the Paris Congress, where the Peace ending the Crimean War was drawn up, he says—

The Congress of Paris was a more truly international assembly than any diplomatic gathering held since the Vienna Congress of 1815. Virtually all the European States were represented, and the Congress adopted a thoroughly "European" attitude. No attempt was made to establish permanent institutions for Europe's governance, but while in session the Congress itself acted for Europe as both an executive and legislative body. Besides its settlement of Turkish and Near Eastern affairs, the Paris Congress did much for the development of international law, and the question of coercing and punishing States guilty of violating established international rules was seriously discussed.

The Treaty of San Stefano virtually expelled the Turk from Europe, and liberated the Balkan peoples, but, unfortunately, Disraeli was animated by that distrust of Russia, inborn in every Jew, and was prepared to go to any lengths to check her. He threatened war unless the Treaty was revised, and, supported by Austria, and, later, by Germany, compelled her to agree to abide by the decisions of the Congress of Berlin. At that Congress Disraeli was the driving force, and he was mainly responsible for setting the Turk up in Europe once more, for thrusting the liberated subject races again beneath the tyranny of the Porte. Thousands of Australians have fallen in a successful endeavour to undo his work in 1878! Says Mr. Lothrop:—

No more vicious arrangement could have been devised in the darkest days of Eighteenth Century diplomacy. It was inspired solely by the selfish interests of the Great Powers, who carved up territories without the least regard for the wishes of their inhabitants and landed back whole populations to the unchecked authority of the Turk in cynical disregard of the fact that the Turk had decisively proved his utter inability to govern Christian peoples. The aspirations of virile young nations were flouted and the wrongs of oppressed millions left unredressed. The inevitable result was the chronic unrest of the Balkans and the Near East in general which not merely kept those regions in perpetual turmoil but so poisoned the mutual relations of the Great Powers as to be responsible in large measure for the cataclysm of 1914.

CATECHISM ON CURRENT EVENTS—XC.

Since August, 1914, 2417 questions have been asked and answered in this section.

Q.—Is it correct that the abolition of conscription was in the programme of the Lloyd George Party at the recent British elections?

A.—Yes, the plank was one of the foremost in the programme. Interviewed just before the poll, the Prime Minister said: "On the eve of this important election, which means so much to the country, I wish to make it clear beyond all doubt that I stand for the abolition of conscript armies in all lands. Without that, as I said at Bristol, the Peace Conference would be a failure and a sham. These great military machines are responsible for the agony the world has passed through, and it would be a poor ending to any Peace Conference that allowed them to continue. Any delegate who represents Great Britain at that Conference must labour to the end I have stated."

Q.—If I sell a £100 war bond through a broker, what is the legal charge for commission? Would you also state who pays the commission—the seller or the buyer?

A.—The brokerage on £100 Commonwealth War Loan stock is fixed by the Stock Exchange committee, at 10s. The rate for a £10 bond is therefore 1s., and for £1000 worth of stock, £5. The seller must pay the commission.

Q.—Does the contract given to England for our zinc for ten years stipulate that she will take all our production, or only the amount she requires?

A.—Mr. Hughes, in announcing the sale of zinc concentrates to the British Government, said on April 23 of last year: "On my previous visit to London I arranged a contract for the sale of 100,000 tons of zinc concentrates, and 5000 tons of electrolytic zinc and spelter per annum for 10 years. The new arrangement goes still further, and stocks of zinc concentrates on hand at December 31st, 1917, were to be purchased by the Imperial Government, less a definite percentage reserve. Thereafter the Imperial Government was to take 250,000 tons per annum for the period of the war, and one year thereafter, and 300,000 tons per annum for the nine following years. The Imperial Government also secured an option over the balance of

the production of Australia." Under normal conditions the Australian output of zinc concentrates, averaging 46 per cent. to 48 per cent. zinc, is about 400,000 tons a year.

Q.—Can you give me any information with regard to the origin of money?

A.—The use of metals as a form of money can be traced far back in the history of civilisation, but it is not possible to ascertain the historical order of their respective adoptions. Iron, judging from the statement of Aristotle, was extensively employed as currency. In conjunction with copper, iron formed an early Chinese currency, and till recently it was a subsidiary coinage in Japan. Iron spikes are used in Central Africa, while Adam Smith notices the use of nails for money in Scotland. Lead has also served as money, as it does at present in Burmah. Copper has been more widely employed than either of the previously mentioned metals. Tin was not so favourable a material for money as copper, but the early English coinages were composed of it. The next metal to come into notice is silver, which up to the last few years was the principal form of money. The mediæval money was principally composed of silver. Gold has been steadily gaining ground with the growth of commerce. The only other metals used for money—platinum and nickel, soon dropped out of use. Metallic forms of money followed the system of bartering, skins, corn and tobacco being found very difficult to transfer. Skins seem to be one of the earliest forms of money, whilst leather-money was at one time popular. At Rome oxen and sheep formed the oldest medium of exchange, ten sheep being reckoned an equivalent to one ox. Shells, whales' teeth, etc., etc., have also been freely utilised in the distant past.

Q.—It has been stated that the German Government recently made a proposal for the appointment of a neutral commission to investigate the responsibility for the war, such committee to have access to all the archives of the Governments of the belligerent Powers. Can you confirm this?

A.—The Stockholm *Dagblad*, of December 3rd, 1918, stated that the German

Government had sent the following Note, through the intermediary of Switzerland, to the Governments of Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy and America:—"In order to achieve a general Peace and create a lasting security against war for the future, and to re-establish confidence between the nations, the urgent necessity is felt of establishing a clear view of the proceedings that led up to the war within each belligerent State. A complete and trustworthy picture of the international situation and the negotiations between the Powers in June, 1914, and of the steps that the various Governments might have taken at the time, should do much to overthrow the barriers of hatred and misunderstanding which have arisen between the peoples in the course of this long war. A right estimate of the parts played by friend and foe is an essential for a future reconciliation of the peoples and the only foundation for a lasting Peace and a League of Nations." The German Government accordingly proposed that a Neutral Commission should be set up, the commission to consist of men whose character and political antecedents should guarantee a just decision; all the Governments to place their whole archives at the disposal of the Commission.

Q.—If that is so, why have the Allied Governments not welcomed the suggestion?

A.—Presumably they preferred to have a Commission of Allied jurists inquire into the matter rather than acquiesce in an enemy suggestion that the enquiry should be carried out by neutrals. As the Allies are quite convinced of Germany's guilt, and declare that there are ample proofs available, it is rather difficult to understand their reluctance to agree to the neutral Commission, the impartial findings of which would be assured, and which, according to their own statements, could only result in confirming the guilt of Germany. Such a finding would obviously have far greater weight in the world than that of a Commission composed of representatives of one set of belligerents only.

Q.—Is the Australian the only Government in the British Dominions which owns a mercantile fleet?

A.—Before the end of 1918 it was anticipated that Canada would have Government-owned and operated freight vessels on the Atlantic. Two ships, to be named the *Canadian Pioneer* and the *Canadian Voyager*, of 3100 and 4350 tons respectively, will shortly be completed. About

22 ships are under construction or contract for the Government, at a cost of about five millions sterling, and next year the number will be even larger. Canadian steel ship-yards are now engaged chiefly on Government ships. The third Coughlan steamer, viz., the 8800 ton *War Charger*, has completed her test run on the Pacific. The vessel was ready for launching when a fire swept the ship-yard, and her whole port side had to be practically rebuilt.

Q.—What prices net per bushel have been paid up to the present time by the Federal Wheat Pools to producers on delivery at railway dumps?

A.—Advances have been made as follows:—

Season 1915-16.		Per Bushel.
1st advance	...	2s. 6d.
2nd advance	...	0s. 6d.
3rd advance	...	1s. 0d.
Less rail (average 4d.), and handling charges (average 3d.)		
4th advance	...	0s. 6d.
5th advance	...	0s. 3d.
Total	...	4s. 9d.
Less rail and handling charges		

Season 1916-17.		Per Bushel.
1st advance	...	2s. 6d.
2nd advance	...	0s. 6d.
3rd advance	...	0s. 3d.
Total	...	3s. 3d.

Season 1917-18.		Per Bushel.
1st advance	...	3s. 0d.
2nd advance	...	0s. 3d.
Total	...	3s. 3d.

Season 1918-19.		
1st advance	...	4s. 3d. per bushel, less rail freight.

Q.—What was the maximum deduction on inferior wheat?

A.—You would need to explain further exactly what you mean by the enquiry. As high as 2s. 6d. per bushel has been deducted in isolated instances on inferior wheat, but the quantity affected would probably be of infinitesimal proportions.

Q.—Is it likely that there will soon be a great shortage in the world's supply of sugar?

A.—No! Although the beet sugar industry in Central Europe has received a great set-back owing to the war, those in a position to speak authoritatively on the subject are not pessimistic. The president of the Cuba Cane Sugar Corporation recently said: "Apparently the world has sufficient

sugar in sight for its 1919 needs, as, with favourable conditions, good crops generally are promised. . . . That there will soon be much increase in the world's production is not generally expected, for the reconstruction of the destroyed beet properties and the development of new cane projects will take time. . . . The low prices for sugar existing prior to the war have probably gone for many years to come."

Q.—Were many "business" men elected to the House of Commons at the recent election?

A.—According to *The London Financial Times*, "city" men "have done remarkably well in the election." It proceeds to point out that more than 70 men, prominently and directly connected with finance, have been returned as bearers of the Coalition ticket. The biographies given by *The Times* show that twice this number of members of the new House of Commons represent financial interests in a more or less important way. Armament manufacturers, brewers, Government contractors, tobacco, oil, rubber and shipping magnates will jostle representatives of banking, insurance and the press on the crowded Government benches. Among the directors of armament firms are Mr. Austin Chamberlain (director of Kynoch's), Sir H. Rogers (Chairman of the B.S.A.), and Mr. E. Manville (deputy-chairman of the same company), Mr. Douglas Vickers, and Admiral Adair.

Q.—Do American ship-builders receive more remuneration than the British?

A.—Considerably more. Speaking recently of a plan to equalise wages of seamen, so as to allow American shipping to compete on an equality with British on the high seas, Captain Robert Dollar said he had reliable figures showing that the wages of ship-yard workers in American plants are 131 per cent. higher than the wages of similar workers in British ship-yards, and that there is a very large disparity between seamen's wages there and on the other side of the water.

Q.—Has the gold production of the world increased very much during the last 20 years?

A.—The world's production has increased from 43 millions sterling in 1897, to 98 millions in 1915 (the latest complete figures available). The production of the British Empire increased from 26 millions sterling, forming 60½ per cent. of the world's output in 1897, to 61 millions,

forming 62½ per cent. of the total in 1915. The increase, on the whole, has been gradual and persistent, except during the Transvaal War, when the proportion of the world's production contributed by the British Empire fell to 47 per cent. in 1901. Transvaal, of course, easily leads the way, having an annual output of about £38,000,000, as compared with Australasia's £9,000,000.

Q.—Is it a fact that the oldest canal in the world is in China, and that it is about to be re-constructed?

A.—The canal extending from Hanchow to Peking, is not only the oldest in the world, dating back nearly 2500 years, but it is also the longest, measuring in the main section nearly 1000 miles. Most of the canal has been filled with mud by overflows of the Yellow River, but the southern portion of it still constitutes a very busy waterway. According to *The Scientific American*, the canal is now to be rebuilt and improved. The project is too vast to be done at a single operation, and the funds are not at hand. At present about £1,200,000 is available, and this sum will be used for the improvement of a section about 100 miles in length, leaving to a later date, when funds have accumulated, the reconstruction of other sections. The work is to be undertaken by American engineers.

Q.—What steps have been taken in America towards the establishment of an air mail service?

A.—The immediate establishment of fifty new air mail lines is contemplated by the United States Post Office Department, and will be effected almost at once through the use of army airplanes, equipment, and trained personnel if the War Department can be induced to turn over its surplus planes and fliers. According to the Aero Club of America, necessity for rapid action has arisen through the fact that hundreds of army aviators have been notified that they must resign within a few days or identify themselves with the regular army.

Q.—Could you tell me how old Mr. Balfour is?

A.—Mr. Balfour is 71 years old. Lord Milner is 65, and Lloyd George is 56. Lord Robert Cecil is 55, and Mr. George Barnes is 60. M. Clemenceau is 78, and M. Bourgeois is 68. Baron Sonino, the principal colleague of the Italian Prime Minister, is 72. President Wilson is 63, President Poincaré 61; King George is 54, and the ex-Kaiser 60.

Q.—In a recent number you referred to the Women's International League requesting Lord Milner to grant them permission to send one million rubber teats to Germany. Do you know if this was given?

A.—Yes, the Foreign Office gave leave for these to be sent, provided they went through the Red Cross. One million rubber teats were ordered, at a cost of from £5000 to £6000. The immediate reason why these were asked for was a report sent to England by Mr. Nevison, the well-known war correspondent, in which he said: "The head of a children's hospital, in Cologne, told me that more children had been lost in the war than men in the field, and in the year 1933, he said, there would be no soldiers fit to fight. He took me to see his wards, and though I have seen many horrible things among mankind, I have never seen anything more pitiful than those lines of babies fevered for want of food, wasted till their limbs were like little bits of stick, and staring about with ape-like and hopeless faces. The physician's last word to me was an entreaty to England to send out a million or two india-rubber teats, because Germany had no rubber. A rubber teat which used to cost 1½d. now costs from 4s. to 5s., and the babies cannot get up the milk by sucking the bone-teats which have to serve as substitutes."

Q.—Are you not wrong in stating that the Victoria Cross was instituted by Queen Victoria during the Indian Mutiny?

A.—Yes, it was instituted a year before the mutiny broke out. The troubles in India, however, offered the first occasion for winning it; those who had previously had it given them having done the deed for which it was given before its institution.

Q.—Did the miners and railway men of the United Kingdom have votes at the last General Election?

A.—The great majority of them did, many for the first time. An eight hour day has been in force in England in some trades for many years, but not on the railways or universally in the mines. The present franchise in England is a broader one than the people have ever enjoyed before. For the first time a limited number of women—over thirty years of age—were permitted to vote.

Q.—How many monarchies are there in Europe to-day?

A.—Kings still fill the thrones of Great Britain, Italy, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania and Serbia. A republican form of Govern-

ment has been set up in Germany, Bohemia, Poland, Finland, Russia, Ukraina, and in Hungary. Bavaria, Saxony and Austria have adopted this form of government, but have become part of the German Federation. Pre-war republics were France and Portugal.

Q.—Has any Australian wheat been sent to India?

A.—The wheat crop failed in India, and the Government there arranged with the British Government to purchase Australian wheat already in the latter's possession. In view of the assistance India has rendered in the past regarding wheat shipments, the Imperial Treasury agreed to supply at cost price, and the Shipping Controller undertook to convey at cost price also. This wheat is to be used to feed the army and the flour mills, so that the entire crop of Northern India can be used for the civil population.

Q.—Was it the Australians who broke the Turkish lines in the great battle which smashed Ottoman power in Palestine?

A.—No; the Light Horse and other mounted troops did magnificent work during the battle, but the gap through which they poured was made by Indian troops. The first to pierce the lines were the Kumaon Rifles, a newly raised battalion, from Badeshwar.

Q.—Will it be possible for the British authorities to build the 400,000 workmen's houses, promised during the election, this year?

A.—To do that is altogether out of the question. To build even 100,000 seems impossible, owing to the brick shortage. The average output before the war was 3,000,000,000 bricks in England, and that just about supplied the ordinary demand. In 1917 the output had dropped to 1,000,000,000. The maximum possible yearly output is set down as 4,000,000,000 bricks; but it is estimated that the most urgent building operations required, to make up deficiencies during the war, would absorb at least 6,000,000,000 bricks. Bricks take time to make, and although pivotal men in brick-making are being demobilised as rapidly as possible, the London stock brick—in universal use in England—cannot possibly begin to be supplied in quantities before the end of July. A way out would be to erect cement houses similar to those which were being put up before the war by the Local Government Board. But special machinery is needed, and that could not be quickly obtained.



THE TWIN IDEALS.*

The author of *The Twin Ideals* is a man eminently fitted by scientific training—by vigour of temperament, by keenness of observation, and the valuable experience which the cultured mind gains from travel, to deal with the momentous problems which are set down for consideration in the two stout volumes lately published in London. Since the book was printed, the author—who had already won many academic distinctions—has received the honour of knighthood in recognition of the services he has rendered to the British Crown in the desperate struggle of the last four years.

The first impression, in glancing at the volumes, would be one of wonder that Sir James Barrett could have produced something over a thousand pages of thoughtful writing in the four years of incessant activity in medical and military service, which he had given to his country. For, undoubtedly, most of the problems dealt with demand quiet contemplative thought to work them out—a phase which seems incompatible with camp life. But a perusal will show that it is rather a garnering from accumulated stores of knowledge, the bulk of which has seen the light under more restful conditions.

From the inception of the Australian Commonwealth, to the date of his departure for the seat of war, in October, 1914, Sir James Barrett, despite the exacting demands of his professional life, had been an ardent and outspoken advocate of necessary reforms in the social, political and educational systems, under which he believed we were inclined to stagnate.

During those years—in the Press and on the platform—he laboured with zeal-

ous activity to stir his fellow-citizens from that condition of *laissez-faire*, to which a fairly general prosperity, and an indifference to anything outside the mart and the exchange have brought them. Much of the material of those articles and lectures is reproduced in these volumes. Some of them commanded, at the time, a fair measure of success in the object for which they appealed. Some of them fell on stony ground and took no root; such as the Charities Bill, which, after an incubation of a quarter of a century, is still unborn; the plea for intermediary hospitals, to arrest the steady pauperising of the whole community could not get a friendly hearing; and even the charming advocacy of what might yet be done to make our surroundings as picturesque and salubrious, as some of the Garden Cities in America, and elsewhere, has been passed over, without noticeable result.

But the tenor of all the articles is in the direction of securing for democracy a chance to vindicate itself. And the author holds that this can only be done by developing the minds of the preponderating masses, who control it at present, with an appalling want of any sense of their responsibilities. To this end he bends his *Twin Ideals*—(1) The organic union of the Commonwealth; (2) the effective education of all adolescents.

"The two ideals," he says, "are linked and mutually dependent. An uneducated Commonwealth offers little hope of stability, and congeries of educated, but independent societies, will inevitably go the road the Greek States went two thousand years ago."

Naturally, from this standpoint the author concentrates his strength upon the educational aspect, for that lies closer to our hands, and the foundations are already substantially laid. Without some tangible results from it we cannot hope for that co-ordination of effort which

*"The Twin Ideals: An Educated Commonwealth," by Temp. Lt.-Col. James W. Barrett, K.B.E., C.M.G., M.D., M.S., F.R.C.S. (Eng.). Published by H. K. Lewis & Co. Ltd, 136 Gower Street, London.

is necessary for the "organisation of the Commonwealth," or even for the more important desideratum of tightening the bonds with the Mother Country.

Hence, the bulk of the first volume deals with the functions of the Universities, and the various subsidiary phases of real education. Sir James Barrett had the great advantage of taking part in the discussions at the important Universities' Congress, held in London in 1912, and also paid a visit of inspection to some of the more noted Universities in the United States and Canada. The valuable experience, thus gained, tended to confirm him in the views which he had already tentatively expressed, and some of the lectures and addresses, now reproduced, will prepare us for the conclusion at which he arrived. He says that the result of these investigations—

Made it still more evident that, so far as the education of the mass is concerned, the British Empire, including Australia, has lagged woefully behind, and is, in fact, largely peopled by uneducated men and women. Not until all adolescents receive a compulsory training *in the day time* in the subjects which really matter—an education of hand and eye, in the scientific basis of their trade—in citizenship, and in State morality—can we regard our democratic Government as likely to give the best results.

It is quite permissible to go much further, and to say that a democracy which is based on the quantity of its profession, without any reference to the quality, would have a parlous existence, terminating in due time either in anarchy or unbridled despotism.

Since Sir James Barrett wrote the articles, reproduced here from the London *Morning Post*, in 1912, in which he dealt, amongst other things, with the aims of the Labour Party in Australia and the character of industrial legislation, these questions have assumed a more ominous aspect. On a subject which usually seems to call forth an intemperate vehemence, he has been quite judiciously temperate. And yet there is no greater danger facing the community to-day, than the possibility of the country falling under the control of men utterly unacquainted with the first principles of Government—put into power by an untaught mass of electors, easily cajoled by vague promises of shorter hours and higher wages. It is a far-away aspiration to hope that their enlightenment may come as the author of the *Twin*

Ideals hopes and believes, but it is almost certain that the first step to knowledge—"to know one's own ignorance"—will only be reached through a period of bitter disillusion.

Of the value of the numerous papers on medical subjects, it is discreet in a layman to say nothing; but even to the uninitiated they evidence the growth and the tendency of medical opinion during recent years, and are, therefore, part of the framework on which the book was planned.

The greater portion of the papers in the second volume deal with subjects more likely to command popular support, since they are lucidly presented, with a sort of friendly challenge to their discussion. The "man in the street" assents, in a general way, that education is a good thing, but he rarely grasps the complicated phases of its application to his surroundings. But he is quick to seize the idea of anything promising betterment—so long as it does not put any undue strain on his pocket. He will probably declare that the man who stresses his belief in Garden Cities—who believes it possible to command really pure milk, even in great cities—or, who maintains that closer co-operation among agriculturists, would elevate rural life to a happier and more prosperous plane than it at present occupies—is an idealist, a visionary. But for all that he would be willing to listen to his arguments, because an innate desire to enjoy the tangible result would override his doubt about securing it. Probably the "man in the street" will not have very ready access to the *Twin Ideals*. It is not the sort of book in demand at circulating libraries; it is too full of suggestive thought for those seeking relaxation from the cares of business. Yet, if the cultured few will respond to the challenge, and press some of these important questions into the arena of public discussion, there can be no question but that the results, as far as results are reached, must be beneficial.

Space does not permit of any examination here of the many papers dealing with Imperial relations, and political questions, both high and low. Here, of course, is room for debate, and here, perhaps, more than anywhere we want the guidance that comes of study and unbiased experience. But, alas! until some

genius shall discover that miraculous spell, which will abolish for ever the bitter, querulous antagonism that thrives between the In's and Out's—in short, shall find that time—

When none was for a party,
When all were for the State,

there is very little hope of organic, or any other unity in the State.

All these matters pertaining to the affairs of the United Empire are touched with a fervent feeling of loyalty, and a pardonable pride in the glory attached to the connection.

One of the most interesting and thought-compelling of the papers is that

in which the divergence of policy in the administration of affairs in Canada and Australia is analysed. It shows how our isolated position has tended to make us too readily self-satisfied, and how much we have missed in knowing so little of the lines on which other communities are progressing.

Whatever the reception of the book may be in Australia, it is certain that it will find a place in all the public libraries and Universities in the United States, and be a manual of information for the many writers in that country who are now so frequently dealing with the subject of Australia's development.

HENRY GYLES TURNER.

ESPERANTO NOTES.

The postponed annual meeting of the Melbourne Esperanto Society was held on the 21st March. As the outcome of the conference held in September last, the society decided to adopt a new constitution, forming itself into the Australian Esperanto Association, with the object of linking up the various Esperanto groups and isolated Esperantists in Australia. So far there has been no central body in Australia representing the Esperantists as a whole, though the Melbourne Society has, to a certain extent, fulfilled that need, but it is anticipated that the new Association will not only serve as the national organisation, but will also more efficiently forward the propaganda of the language. The office-bearers are:—President, Mr. J. G. Pyke; vice-presidents, Mrs. Marion Purnell and Mr. Maurice Hyde; secretary-treasurer, Mr. A. R. Cohen.

The Japan Salesman, which has now grown into *The World Salesman*, has a regular Esperanto section for the purpose of placing merchants in touch with each other by means of the international language. In addition, it is also publishing a lexicon of commercial terms in Esperanto. With the last number was published a supplement containing a list of business houses in allied countries which can correspond in Esperanto. The list is an imposing one, though there are many names which should be added; these, presumably, will be included in later lists.

But not only in Japan is Esperanto attracting notice in commercial circles of late. The London Chamber of Commerce has issued a pamphlet entitled, *A Common Commercial Language*, being a report of a lecture on Esperanto which was favourably received at a meeting of the Chamber. A copy of this pamphlet has been sent by the London Chamber to every other chamber of commerce in England. In Argentina, a society has been formed for the propaganda and use of Esperanto among business men. In Germany (according to Geneva *Esperanto*), an international society for a similar purpose has been formed in Munich, with the additional object of promoting the sale of German goods abroad. In Hungary, at the 10th Oriental commercial and industrial fair in Budapest, Esperanto was officially used by the management, in view of the variety of nationalities among the visitors. The "Foreigners' Chancellery" in Budapest also uses Esperanto for the information of tourists. In Vienna, the horological museum uses Esperanto, and, indeed, acquired a great many of its clocks by means of correspondence in the language. The Danish Esperanto League has received a subsidy from a local guild, which it is using for propaganda among educationists and commercial men.

Readers of STEAD'S interested in Esperanto should communicate with the nearest Esperanto group. For addresses, see last issue

RED, REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA—III.—(Continued from page 332.)

to Brest with one of the most daring plans with which any David has sought to destroy his Goliath.

The absence of the Allies had deprived him of the possibility of exhibiting to the working classes of the world the inability of their present Governments to conclude a Peace in which should be neither conqueror nor conquered. He now attempted to bring about a revolution in Germany or to obtain such a Peace for Russia by making the German Government itself illustrate in their negotiations with him their utter disregard for the expressed wishes of the German people. He did actually succeed in causing huge strikes both in Austria and in Germany, and it is impossible for anyone to say that he would not have finally succeeded in hitting the Goliath of Force opposed to him fairly between the eyes with this shining pebble of an idea, which was the only weapon at his command, if, at the last moment, his aim had not been deflected, and the target shifted, by the treachery of the handful of men who in the Ukraine were resisting by every means in their power the natural development of the Soviets. These men, preferring to sell their country to Germany than to lose the reins of Government themselves, opened separate negotiations, thereby breaking the unity of the ideal front which Trotsky opposed to the Germans. The Germans saw that with part of that front they could come immediately to terms. Instantly their tone in the negotiations changed. They persuaded their own people that the Russians were themselves to blame for not getting the Peace they required, and that a just Peace was possible only with the Ukraine. Meanwhile the soldiers and workers of the Ukraine were gradually obtaining complete power over their own country, so that when Germany actually concluded Peace with the Ukraine, the so-called Government whose signatures were attached to that treacherous agreement was actually in asylum in German headquarters and unable to return to its own supposed capital except under the protection of German bayonets. The Soviet triumphed in the Ukraine, and de-

clared its solidarity with Russia. The Germans, like the Allies, preferred to recognise the better dressed persons who were ready to conclude Peace with them in the name of a country which had definitely disowned them. From that moment the Brest Peace negotiations were doomed to failure. Trotsky made a last desperate appeal to the workers of Germany. He said, "We will not sign your robber's Peace, but we demobilise our army and declare that Russia is no longer at war. Will the German people allow you to advance on a defenceless revolution?"

The Germans did advance, not at first in regular regiments, but in small groups of volunteers who had no scruples in the matter. Many German soldiers, to their eternal honour, refused to advance, and were shot. The demobilisation of the Russian army meant little, because it had long ceased to be anything but a danger to the peaceful population in its rear. The Soviet had only the very smallest real force, and that, as yet, unorganised, with enthusiasm but without confidence, utterly unpracticed in warfare, consisting chiefly of workmen, who, as was natural, were the first to understand what it was they had to defend. It soon became clear that serious resistance was impossible. The Soviet Government was faced with a choice: to collapse in a quite unequal struggle; or to sign a shameful Peace. Many thought that the cause of revolution would be best served by their deaths, and were ready to die. Lenin doubted the efficacy of such a rhetorical gesture, and believed that the secession of Russia from the war would insure the continuation of the war by the imperialistic groups until such time as other countries reached the same exhaustion as had been reached by Russia, when, in his opinion, revolution would be inevitable. He held that, for the future of the World Revolution, the best that could be done would be the preservation even in seriously limited territory of the Soviet Government, as a nucleus of revolution, as an illustration of the possibility of revolution, until that moment when the workers of

Russia should be joined by the workers of the world. His opinion carried the majority, first of the Executive Committee, then of the fourth All-Russian Assembly. The Germans replied to the Russian offer to sign Peace with a statement which was an ironic parody of the Russian declaration at Brest: the Russians had said, "We will not sign Peace, but the war is ended." The Ger-

mans said, "We agree to Peace, but the war shall continue."

And, indeed, while the Soviet Government moved to Moscow, the Germans, using in the south the pretext of the Ukrainian Rada, and in the north that of the bourgeois Finnish Government, advanced through the Ukraine to the outlet of the Don, and in the north to the very gates of Petrograd.



The Famous Red Gate in the Red Square, Moscow, where serious fighting has occurred during the Bolshevik regime.

THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT AND THE ALLIES.

From the moment of the October revolution on, the best illustration of the fact that the Soviet Government is the natural Government of the Russian people, and has deep roots in the whole of the conscious responsible part of the working classes and the peasantry, has been the attitude of the defeated minorities who oppose it. Whereas the Bolsheviks worked steadily in the Soviets when the majority was against them, and made their final move for power only when assured that they had an overwhelming majority in the Soviets behind them,

their opponents see their best hope of regaining power not in the Soviets, not even in Russia itself, but in some extraordinary intervention from without. By asking for foreign help against the Soviet Government they prove that such help should not be given, and that they do not deserve it. The Soviet has stood for six months and more, absolutely unshaken by any movement against it inside Russia. In the Ukraine the anti-Soviet minority asked for intervention and received it. German bayonets, German organisation, destroyed the Soviets of the Ukraine,

and then destroyed the mock Government that had invited their help. We, the Allies, supported that anti-Soviet minority, and, in so far as our help was efficacious, contributed our share in obtaining for Germany a victorious progress from one end of the Black Sea coast to the other. In helping the Ukrainian minority we helped the Germans to secure Ukrainian bread and coal and iron that would otherwise have gone to help Russia to recuperate. In Finland we repeated the mistake. We gave at least moral help to the White Finns, simply because they were opposed to the Red Finns, who were supported by the Soviets. Now, too late, we realise that the White Finns were the pawns of Germany, and that in the defeat of the Red Finns we witnessed the defeat of the only party in Finland which was bound, by its Socialistic nature, to be an enemy of imperialistic Germany. Do not let us make the same mistake in Russia. If the Allies lend help to any minority that cannot overturn the Soviets without their help, they will be imposing on free Russia a Government which will be in perpetual need of external help, and will, for simple reasons of geography, be bound to take that help from Germany. Remember that for the German autocracy, conscious of the Socialistic mass beneath it, the mere existence of the Soviet Government of Russia is a serious danger. Remember that any non-Soviet Government in Russia would be welcomed by Germany, and, reciprocally, could not but regard Germany as its protector. Remember that the revolutionary movement in Eastern Europe, no less than the British and American Navies, is an integral part of the Allied blockade of the Central Empires.

And, apart from the immediate business of the war, remember that Germany is seeking by every means, open and secret, to obtain such command over Russia's resources as will in the long run allow her to dictate her will to Russia's people. Remember that the Soviet Government, fully aware of this, would be glad of your help, of your co-operation, would be glad even to give you control over some part of her resources, if only to prevent that ominous ultimate domination within Russia of a single foreign power.

Remember all these things, if indeed you need, as I think you do not need, such selfish motives to prompt you to the support of men who, if they fail, will fail only from having hoped too much. Every true man is in some sort, until his youth dies and his eyes harden, the potential builder of a New Jerusalem. At some time or other, every one of us has dreamed of laying his bricks in such a work. And even if this thing that is being builded here with tears and blood is not the golden city that we ourselves have dreamed, it is still a thing to the sympathetic understanding of which each one of us is bound by whatever he owes to his own youth. And if each one of us, then, all the more each nation by what it owes to those first daring days of its existence, when all the world looked askance upon its presumptuous birth. America was young once, and there were men in America who would have brought in foreign aid to re-establish their dominion over a revolted nation. Are those the men to whom America now looks back with gratitude and pride?

I will end with a quotation from your own Emerson. "What is the scholar, what is the man for, but for hospitality to every new thought of his time? Have you leisure, power, property, friends? you shall be the asylum and patron of every new thought, every unproven opinion, every untried project, which proceeds out of good-will and honest seeking. All the newspapers, all the tongues of to-day will, of course, at first defame what is noble; but you who hold not of to-day, not of the Times, but of the Everlasting, are to stand for it; and the highest compliment man ever receives from Heaven is the sending to him its disguised and discredited angels." No one contends that the Bolsheviks are angels. I ask only that men shall look through the fog of libel that surrounds them and see that the ideal for which they are struggling, in the only way in which they can struggle, is among those lights which every man of young and honest heart sees before him somewhere on the road, and not among those other lights from which he resolutely turns away. These men who have made the Soviet Government in Russia, if they must fail, will fail with clean shields and clean hearts, having striven for an ideal which

will live beyond them. Even if they fail, they will none the less have written a page of history more daring than any other which I can remember in the story of the human race. They are writing it amid showers of mud from all the meaner spirits in their country, in yours and in my own. But, when the thing is over, and their enemies have triumphed, the mud will vanish like black magic at

noon, and that page will be as white as the snows of Russia, and the writing on it as bright as the gold domes that I used to see glittering in the sun when I looked from my windows in Petrograd.

And when in after years men read that page they will judge your country and mine, your race and mine, by the help or hindrance they gave to the writing of it.

ARTHUR RANSOME : A CRITICISM BY CHANCELLOR HARPER.

Arthur Ransome has lived in Russia for some years, and knows Russia : therefore one has read his cables with particular interest. Ransome has been of great service, especially in furthering a real sympathy, in England and America, with the fundamental righteousness of the Russian Revolution. But clearly he has recently become the troubadour of the Bolsheviks. Knowing Ransome personally, and having discussed Russia with him by the hour during the last three years, I have been struck at times by the indiscriminating character of his scrutiny of political facts. But I always recalled that Ransome was first of all a literary critic, who used to be rather proud of his inability to understand and follow politics. Thus a phrase in one of his recent cables to the London *Daily News*, reprinted in the *New York Times*, spoiled the whole cable for me. He spoke of the German generals in command of the Cossacks, and showed himself thus an indiscriminating observer.

Ransome makes certain assumptions in his Open Letter to America which cannot be accepted. For him the leadership of the Revolution belonged to the Bolsheviks from the very beginning. He admits that the Bolsheviks were then, and still are, a minority. But now, according to him, others tried to steal the leadership from the Bolsheviks. It was, in fact, the Bolsheviks who did the stealing, taking advantage of the economic distress and confusion of mind of the Russian masses. Ransome hardly mentions the methods used by the Bolsheviks to maintain their control, instituted by force. He only quotes a "smart" phrase of one of the contingent of Kronstadt sailors, who dis-

persed the Constituent Assembly with bayonets.

But perhaps these are matters of opinion, and I wish to touch on statements of fact in the Open Letter. It is true that the Duma was not a representative body in that it was elected on a very limited suffrage. But during the course of the war, it became more representative of the country, and more democratic. Ransome has forgotten the Progressive Bloc, the legislation passed by the Duma in 1916, and the role played by the Duma in the months preceding the Revolution, all of which I used to discuss with him, or he would not say that the "Duma had lost in the course of the war any claim to stand for anything except the bourgeois and privileged classes."

In describing the organisation of the Soviets Ransome says that every workman and peasant has the "right to vote in the elections." We know the theory of the Soviet form of government. But we know also that there has not been the right to vote freely, while bayonets and gassing guns have been used freely at the elections and after the elections to expel anti-Bolsheviks. The People's Commissaries are described as directly responsible to the Executive Committee. Again, this is the theory. But we have had no mention, from Ransome or any of the champions of the Soviet idea, of the actual re-election of the Commissaries after the many resignations that followed the ratification of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty last March. We do not know the names even of the present Commissaries, except those of Lenin, Trotsky and Chicherin. A recent report tells of the execution by the Bolsheviks of the former

woman member of the Bolshevik "Government," Spiridonova, for her connection with the assassination of von Mirbach, the German Ambassador at Moscow.

Ransome says that "the very idea of a Constituent Assembly was first put forward by the Soviet." This is not true. The idea of the Constituent Assembly has been the fundamental idea of the Cadets, for example, since 1906. It was the fundamental idea of the Cadets who participated in the organising of the first Provisional Government of the revolution. That is why this first Government was called the Provisional Government, provisional until the Constituent could be convened. And Ransome again is wrong when he writes that "the bourgeois parties deliberately postponed the meeting of the Constituent Assembly." Any discriminating observer of the Russian Revolution saw clearly that it would take at least six months to prepare the election lists, the ballots themselves, for the first general election in the history of a country with a population of 180,000,000. The second Provisional Government, including its Socialist members, decided that regularity in the election procedure must not be sacrificed by advancing the date for

the convening of the Constituent. It was Kerensky, not Lvoff or another bourgeois leader, who postponed the date from September to December, when he saw that the registration and election lists could not be ready for the earlier date.

Does Ransome really believe that Trotsky, by a speech to von Kuhlmanns and Czernins, who carefully censored the text before it was given out in Germany and Austria, "did actually succeed in causing huge strikes both in Austria and in Germany"? We know that the excesses of Bolshevism have proven a useful weapon in the hands of the German rulers to increase their control over their people.

I mention only a few of the statements of fact in this Open Letter to which one must take exception. The friends of Ransome, while recognising that he has done a considerable service, have had to object strongly these last months to many of his indiscriminating observations. As an American I object to the writing of a letter insisting that the Bolsheviks and their Soviets are the only medium through which we can stand by and assist the Russian people.

SAMUEL N. HARPER.

University of Chicago.

Q.—Do chaplains in the forces draw the pay of military officers of the same rank?

A. Yes, they draw the same pay.

Q.—I have been informed that deposits in British banks, excluding the Bank of England, have doubled since 1914. Is that correct?

A.—The total deposits at the banks of the United Kingdom, exclusive of the Bank of England, amounted at the end of 1913 to £1,070,000,000, but at the close of last year the total was nearly £2,000,000,000.

Q.—What is the "life" of a modern warship?

A.—A modern fleet is declared to be obsolete after an existence of ten years. One hundred years ago Nelson fought the battle of Trafalgar with vessels older than most of the men who manned them.

Q.—Which country had the largest mercantile fleet at the outbreak of war?

A.—The mercantile fleet of Great Britain was easily the largest in the world. It con-

sisted of 18,270,000 tons of steamers, and 422,000 tons of sailing vessels, a total of 18,700,000. Next came the United States, with 5,427,000 tons, of which half, however, was on the Great Lakes. Germany came next, with 5,000,000 tons, and then Norway with 2,458,000.

Q.—Is it possible to send letters to Germany and Austria yet?

A.—Letters can be sent to these places through the authorised channels in the same way as they could be sent during the last five years. Free correspondence will certainly not be allowed until after the signing of Peace.

Q.—Is Canada larger than Australia?

A.—The area of Canada is 3,729,665 square miles. That of the Commonwealth is 2,974,581. The Commonwealth is, curiously enough, almost exactly the same size as the United States of America, exclusive of Alaska, the Philippines, and other outlying possessions.

School Children

are very liable to catch cold. They have to go in all weathers—often having to sit in school with wet feet. Apart from this, they are always face to face with the risk from infection—especially when epidemics of Whooping Cough, Measles, Diphtheria, Influenza, etc., are about. Mothers of School Boys and Girls however can be always FREE of ANXIETY if they have a bottle of

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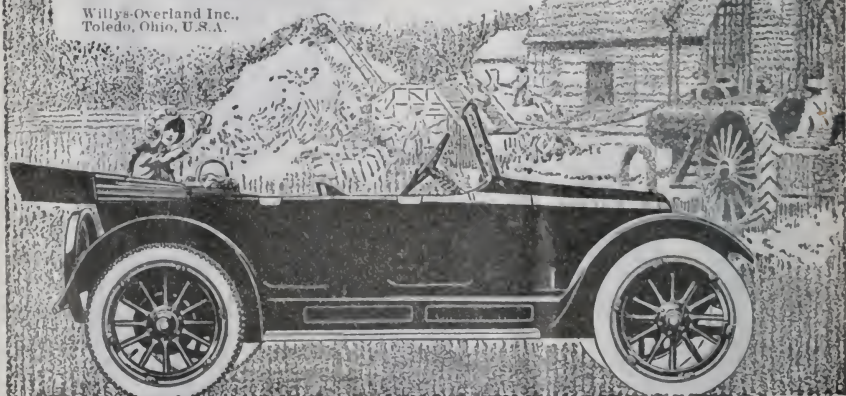
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Everyone is anxious to know what the British motor-car manufacturers are preparing to do now that the war is over. During the struggle we have been treated to wonderful tales of the sort of machines which were going to be produced on the strength of war experience, and, although it was perfectly obvious that it would be some time before the British motor factories could be re-converted to their old work, it has been generally assumed that within a few months after the ending of the war, British cars would be on the market in Australia and elsewhere. The following letter written to the *London Motor* rather shatters this anticipation:—

While the war was on we have been fed with wonderful forecasts of what to expect in the post-war car. Now that the war is over descriptions of the post-war car are appearing, which make me weep for the future of the British motor industry. So far as one can judge, British makers have not only slept on their laurels during the war, but have even forgotten the little they knew about light car design at the time when manufacture was suspended. In the next few months there will be arriving in England from overseas a vast horde of potential purchasers who, during the last four years, have had ample opportunity of comparing the performance of the humble Ford with that of the Daimler, Sunbeam and Vauxhall—three makers presumably selected as being most likely to stand up to adverse conditions. They have witnessed the gradual encroachment of the Ford till finally it is the only car now issued to regimental units. In all cases experience is the same, viz., the Ford spends far less time in the workshops than its costly English competitors, and, given sufficiently bad roads, can actually put up a faster average than a Vauxhall. It is useless to say that no one will pay £300 for a 10 h.p. car, because people can be found to buy anything whatever; but they will be a very small

minority, and they would expect a good 10 h.p. for the price.

But what do we find? All the worst old features of yester-year rediivivus. Separate engine, gearbox and clutch units, "sticky disc" clutches and universal joints which take the entire reaction of the drive and shove the car along. Even the wonderful old push-in valve caps, which I remember as one of the weak points on a 1905 De Dietrich, which I once owned, are hailed as a novelty. The British maker is no doubt counting on an import duty to save him from utter extinction, but I do not see how anything short of 100 per cent. duty is going to be any use. Furthermore, I do not see why the unfortunate British buyer should be taxed to provide a living for a class who have apparently failed in their job through 10 per cent. of bad luck and 90 per cent. of incompetence. There is nothing clever in designing a good car if price be no object, but price is the one supreme object of the post-war car, as it has been in the past, if our makers would only realise it. It is so futile for the motor Press to go on assuring us that the high price of the home product is due to the small market, cost of labour, "superior quality," etc., when we can see with our own eyes that the British chassis is so designed as to entail from two to three times the machining and labour of the American product, and this without any compensating advantage to the buyer whatever.

It seems pretty clear that for some reason or other the British motor-car manufacturers have decided against the light, cheap car, and, instead, are going to turn out an expensive, if highly efficient, model which will hardly be suitable to the colonial market.

An article in *The Autocar* tells of the war work of the British motor industry from which it is quite evident that the British authorities, knowing they could purchase motor-cars in America and Italy, urged the transformation of motor works in England into munition factories

and tool-making shops. In Italy, on the other hand, the motor-car firms were encouraged to increase their output of cars, and the largest of them all, the Fiat, has obviously adopted the American method of quantity production on a standard basis. This means that many of the Italian cars which will reach Australia in the near future are actually built on the American plan, not on that which we have come to regard as European. In Germany, too, where, owing to the blockade, it was impossible to secure any cars from overseas, motor factories increased their output of cars, and at the present moment are well organised to meet the anticipated world demand for industrial and pleasure vehicles.

A perusal of the account given in *The Autocar* concerning the war work of the motor factories, discloses the fact that whilst several of them continued to make cars, they concentrated far more seriously on the production of shells, tanks, aeroplanes, gun mountings, bombs, shell fuses, and other war material. To give some idea of the immense expansion of the motor works, the Siddeley-Deasy Motor Company, which, on the outbreak of war, was employing 400 workers, had increased that number to 6000 by the time the Armistice was signed. The turnover for the last year of the war was twenty times larger than that of the year 1913. The Wolsely motors have been chiefly engaged in the production of gun mountings, for the guns built by Messrs. Vickers Ltd. to arm merchant vessels against submarines. The Rover Company, in addition to making shells, concentrated on the production of ambulances. It also made thousands of Stokes guns and fuses for large naval shells. It was engaged, too, in the production of aeroplane engines. The Rolls Royce people found their cars of no use for military work, and had to substitute heavier springs, wheels and the like, despatching large numbers of their cars to every front, including heavily armoured cars, which gave a splendid account of themselves. They were mainly engaged, though, during the last four years, in producing aircraft engines. When the war ended they were turning out the Concor, a mammoth air-engine of 600 h.p. Their works during the war trebled in size.

Originally employing 1350 men, they had 8650 when the Armistice was signed. The Humber firm made a great number of rotary aircraft engines, and the machine which brought down the famous German airman, Baron Richthofen, was fitted with a Humber engine. The firm built a great number of travelling kitchens for the Government, but states that it hopes to be ready to supply its well-known 10 h.p. and 14 h.p. motors early this year. The Napier, the Swift, the Sunbeam, the Austen, in fact, all the well-known motor firms, have been engaged in airplane work, and in the making of special parts required for engines.

We have been promised any number of novel devices in the new cars. One of the most radical departures is the fitting of a static, radial, air-proof aviation engine, to the new Enfield-Allday car. In this car five cylinders are attached to a circular bastion, the crank shaft passing through the centre, as in the well-known aerial engine. The cylinders are cooled through the medium of air jackets disposed about the cylinder barrels. The total diameter of the engine, from the top of the upper cylinder to the lowest point of the lowest cylinder, is two feet. There is a great saving of space and weight, in fact, the vehicle when complete weighs only 8½ cwt.

Henry Ford, the pioneer in cheap motor cars and the greatest exponent of quantitative production, has announced recently that he intends to put a car on the market which can be sold, retail, at 250 dollars! Fancy a motor car less costly than a motor cycle!

A jack can be used for all sorts of things the tyro wots not of. For instance, when stuck in sand, clay or mud, use the jack instead of tramping off to find a team of horses. It will cost you much less. Every jack should be fitted with a two-inch thick board as wide and long as will conveniently fit under the car. Put this over the mud or sand and jack up a rear wheel so that a plank or cushion or sticks, or bracken can be put under it to give it a grip. Then do the same for the other wheel. Even if your progress is slow, it is better than spending the night on the road. When on tour it is well to have at least a couple of jacks with you.

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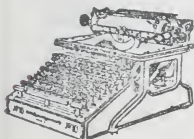
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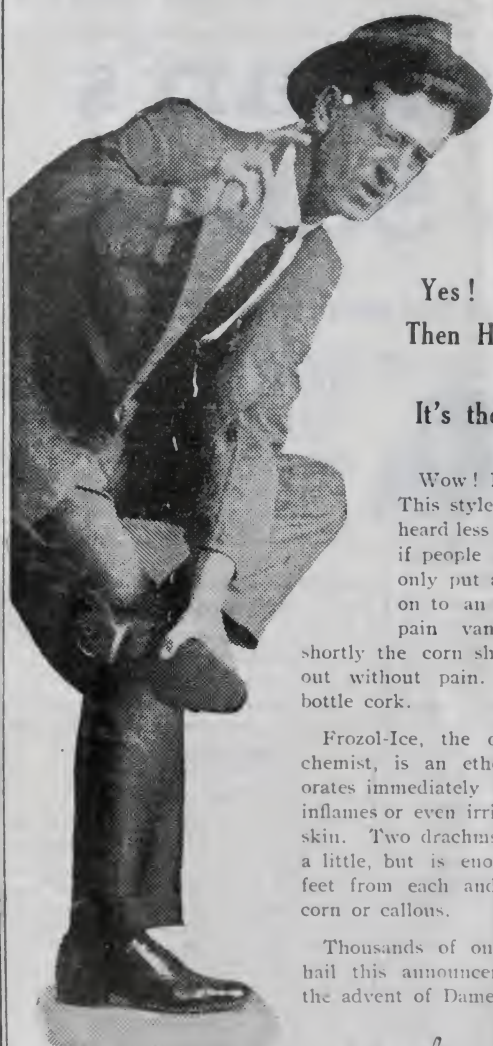
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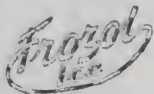
Yes! Test This Yourself
Then Hand the Suggestion
to Others
It's the Goods This Time

Wow! D——! D——!! Darn!!!
This style of bad language will be
heard less here in.....
if people pestered with corns will
only put a few drops of Frozol-Ice
on to an irritating, sore corn, all
pain vanishes immediately, and
shortly the corn shrivels up and lifts clean
out without pain. Like pulling a loose
bottle cork.

Frozol-Ice, the discovery of a scholarly
chemist, is an ether mixture, which evap-
orates immediately on the corn, and never
inflames or even irritates surrounding healthy
skin. Two drachms of Frozol-Ice cost but
a little, but is enough to free a sufferer's
feet from each and every hard corn, soft
corn or callous.

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the advent of Dame Fashion's high heels.

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DOES MY LADY KNOW THAT—



In Paris, capes are latest craze? Capes of silk, with a lining of fur, are very popular. For evening and smart afternoon wear cerise colour is chic.

An afternoon costume, composed of a black chiffon velvet skirt, and a dainty cape of cerise chiffon velvet, bordered with sable, partly hiding a dainty blouse of georgette in shades of cerise and black

would be hard to beat?

It is practical to have a black chameuse skirt in the wardrobe? This is most useful, and can be worn either with an afternoon or evening blouse. For the evening, a blouse, long-waisted, could be made of flesh-coloured chiffon, worked with gold, black and silver threads; the sleeves cuffed with black silk, introducing the silver and gold threads. This blouse would be permissible at any quiet evening affair.

A plain black panne velvet hat is most useful? In many cases they have the brim turned up. To have a smart veil with a black scroll, gathered to the crown of the hat with a narrow piece of silver ribbon, and then again with another piece of ribbon at the throat, completes the hat.

Small pieces of velvet applique are used in the design of flowers on hats?

Brocade is seen in various forms; something very new is a single brocaded flower used as a motif?

There is a new material which combines crepe de chine and a lustreless satin crepe, which is most fascinating?

Stripes of all sorts and sizes on all sorts of materials will be seen, on crepe de chine in gold and silver?

A new fabric called Camouflage is a beautiful velvety crepe?

Many delightful puddings and cakes can be made by replacing the sweet milk and baking-powder with buttermilk and soda? A pinch of soda too much or a pinch too little will spoil a dish. If the milk seems too sour dust in a speck more soda. Buttermilk custard is made with two eggs, one and one-half cupfuls of buttermilk, three teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, grated rind of half a lemon, one-third cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cornflour. Beat the yokes of the eggs until lemon colour, then beat in the sugar, a little at a time, add the buttermilk, lemon juice and cornflour. Pour into a baking dish and set in the oven in a pan of hot water. When set, cover with meringue made of the whites of two eggs and four tablespoonfuls of caster sugar beaten until quite thick. When brown, remove from the oven and cool before serving.

When eggs are scarce and high in price, in making cakes containing fat, we should use a half-teaspoonful of baking powder and an extra half tablespoonful of milk for each egg omitted? Again, in making custard pudding, the number of eggs to a quart of milk may be reduced to two small or one large with a level tablespoonful of cornflour for each egg omitted, mixed in with a little of the milk then cooked in the whole quantity for a few seconds before the egg is added.

A meal of fish goes much further in a family if the following addition is served with the fish? Mix two cupfuls of flour with three eggs, one cupful of grated cheese, half a cupful of milk, and a teaspoonful of salt. Drop this mixture from a spoon in ball shapes into smoking hot fat, and fry them brown. Pile on a hot dish with the hot cooked fish, and decorate with parsley.

An appetising salad can be made with a tinned or fresh pine-apple cut into small pieces? Mix well with mayonnaise dress-

ing. Choose some nice tomatoes, scoop out the centres, leaving a lid. Fill the tomato cups with the pineapple and dressing, and garnish with parsley in the centre and place on the lid.

After a joint of hot boiled beef has been served, return it to the water which it was cooked in, and let it remain there until an hour or so before it is wanted as a cold dish, then drain it well. You will find that it will retain its flavour, and will be tender to cut?

To pick small pieces of broken glass up dampen a woollen cloth, and mop lightly over the area covered by the scattered bits. The tiny fragments will all cling to the cloth?

To give a heavy cloth material the fine finish, which is so desirable, baste the material firmly, and press before stitching, then stitch and press again very thoroughly?

The bands of a skirt never tear away if a piece of an old kid glove is sewn just where the hooks and eyes are to be placed?

Half of a dress shield fastened on the under-side of a baby's bib, prevents the moisture from wetting its dress, and underclothes?

A headache caused by exposure to the hot sun, or exhaustion, can sometimes be cured in half an hour or sooner, by the simple remedy of hot water, not lukewarm, water, but as hot as the flesh will endure? Take off the blouse, and loosen the clothing, pin the hair out of the way, and hold the head over a basin of hot steaming water. Take a large sponge and lift it soaking to the back of the neck; it will be more effectively accomplished, if you can get someone else to do it for you, sponge behind the ears, the back of the neck, and the base of the brain. Continue this treatment till the nerves seem to relax, and the pain gradually passes away.

Throughout France, where the great natural crop of blackberries is so abundant, the French people always say, "Take care! Don't eat blackberries, because they will give you fever." There is not the least possible foundation for this saying. One could no more buy a blackberry in France, than one could buy the fruit of the nightshade. If you argue with the French people that they are eaten in other countries, they will answer in return, "Well, the air must be different to France."

FINANCIAL NOTES.

What is amazing is the indifference of the man in the street, and in the market to the financial warnings given by both the Acting-Prime Minister and the various State Treasurers, who have chided Mr. Watt for asserting that he must cut down the per capita allowance to the State from 25/- to 10/-. Of course, the warning is right, but all the same the average man puts all this talk down to so much political dressing, instead of regarding the situation as one of great national peril. The Acting-Prime Minister has a road out, if he has the pluck to take it. That is to make land taxation apply without exemption, while he can also get in a good deal of money if he takes tea and kerosene off the free list. That, however, will not suit the little game of politics as played in the Federal parlour, for imposts of the kind would

make the Government that brought them in unpopular on the hustings. Mr. Watt, therefore, would far rather let the State Treasurers try their luck with the land tax. Much more concern is expressed as to the attitude of the Government over the next war loan, which, it is most sincerely hoped, will be the last. Is subscription to be compulsory? The selling of war bonds has been going on steadily because the prudent think it best to take time by the forelock. Figures published give some idea of the extent to which the Government has supported the stocks. It must do so if it wants to get the next flotation off at par as assuredly will be tried.

FINANCIAL INDUSTRY.

In this connection the proposal of the Federal Government that the Common-

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wealth and the States should unite to finance the next wheat crop is a matter of moment. It is clear that the Government intends that the farmer shall have every protection. Without discussing whether Mr. Watt be right or wrong, it must not be overlooked that there are other industries in the country than agriculture, and that their claim to consideration cannot be ignored. The farmer or the pastoralist, or the dairyman, or the orchardist, has his block of land from which to draw sustenance, but the clerk in the city, or the factory hand, or the miner, is not in that fortunate position, nor are the workers in a thousand associated industries. So, it is clear that if there be a class that deserves consideration, then it is these. No moratorium can help them. As one economist has put it, they "are within three weeks of starvation." Base metal companies are all right, for they reaped tremendous profits, and have paid very little towards war taxation, but it is different, so far as their employees go. Their wages may have been high relatively, but so has been the cost of living. It is impossible that the resources of the State shall not be put at the back of the mining industry if assistance is to be given to other primary interests. Worked out, it may look like the thin end of nationalisation, but the emergency is such that the State will have to do something to enable a mass of its industrial population to escape distress. There may have to be a revision of the wage list so as to enable costs to be kept down. Better that than unemployment and pauperism with all their degrading accompaniments.

NORTH BROKEN HILL.

In view of the position referred to above it is appropriate that the balance-sheet of the North Broken Hill Company—one of the big four mines of the Barrier—should be reviewed. Not a weak spot is to be found. Profits earned have been on a splendid scale. In the face of a dislocation of work through strikes and an increase of costs of 8/- per ton, the treatment of 30,000 tons less ore, profits at £161,000 are only slightly less than in the previous half-year.

Liquid assets are larger than they were, and amount to £615,000, the significant feature about them being the size of the cash items. Debts owing are only fractional. All this would not be satisfactory if the company had not got large mineral resources, for a mine is a wasting asset, but here again the North make a strong showing. Summed up, then, the company has cash and ore reserves, and, as sulphides go, these are the highest grade at Broken Hill. The directors also, if they do not betray their patrimony, will soon be able to treat their own zinc tailings, thus providing an additional source of income. Still, there is a nigger in the woodpile. It is the fact that with the world going out of trade, as far as war armaments go, the outlook for high prices for metals is doubtful. Labour is never likely to be as cheap as of old; the company has agreed to accept a very serious financial responsibility over the zinc works at Risdon, and neither it nor other Broken Hill companies can expect to escape taxation to the extent that they have done during war time.

I.O.A.

The directors of this insurance company—the Insurance Office of Australia—have reason to congratulate themselves upon the "win-the-war" policy they adopted, for they are able to show net premiums, at £229,554, have about doubled in the past two years, while in twelve months alone they have jumped from £144,917 to the total just stated. Not content with engaging in the London marine business they have "unanimously resolved to make the company's business world-wide." Accordingly, Mr. J. S. C. Black has been appointed foreign superintendent. There can be little doubt that the company's expansion in business has been due to the part it has played in taking on marine insurance under favourable conditions during the past year. With extra risks there has had to be an increase in the charges, and also in losses. Still the ratios are very satisfactory, as they show that that of losses is 48.31 per cent. against 54.80 per cent. for the preceding term, while charges are 27.46 against 32.54 per cent. The surplus at

the end of the year was £55,621, against £18,337 for 1917. The total credit balance at the end of the term was £58,849, which is dealt with as follows:—

Reserve against Investments	£14,601
Reserve against Taxation	16,000
Absorption Reinsurance Co.	2,009
Dividend and Bonus	9,700
To Reserve	16,544

This contribution to the reserve makes the total of that fund £31,281, and the company now is over the absorption of the re-insurance company. The next need is to follow the lead of the old-established companies, and establish a reserve for unexpired risks. The company's balance-sheet total is £213,716. Assets include:—Fixed deposits £31,500, State and Commonwealth loans £46,000, shares in others companies £16,400, freeholds £47,008; cash £9,238, agent's balances £39,721, sundry debtors £12,442, and loans £6,443. Among liabilities appear the following items:—Mortgage £10,000, and sundry creditors, including claims outstanding £33,562.

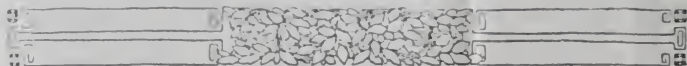
THE TAXI-CAB COMPANY.

This company supplies Melbourne with a good service of taxi-cabs and has very substantial capital behind it. Its gross profit for 1918 was £6295; of which not more than one-third, £2299, was appropriated for depreciation, the balance being available, plus £1829 brought forward for distribution. There was a little windfall in the shape of a recovery from the Taxation Department, so the dividend of 8 per cent. is topped off with a bonus of 3d. per share. The board has pursued the policy of building up reserves over £20,000 standing to the credit of the various funds, but with a business like that of the company that is the only safe course to pursue. Heavy writing down also should be the rule, because of the wear and tear of the fleet. Why not wipe out the item good-will, standing at

£10,750, for it is hard at any time to see much tangibility in an asset of the kind in any business? The company has no debts, but is owed £5717, and has £13,740 of cash items, and war stocks as well as stock-in-trade, £1792, so the claim of the directors that the company is in a very sound position can be endorsed, even if the fact that the shares are not listed on the Stock Exchange was not also a bit of evidence in the same direction.

ANGLO-AMERICAN EXCHANGE.

The announcement made a few days since that the British Government had removed its control over Anglo-American exchange, and that as a consequence there was a further decline in the value of the sovereign in New York to 4½ dollars, brings to head problems that have been concerning the bankers of two countries for some time past. The exchange situation has been supported by loans, and the intimation may mean that that form of support will disappear unless the United States authorities act. What is pointed out in the late New York financial publications is that there has been a premium, for instance, in Paris upon New York drafts of 5 per cent. "That means that the French importer buying goods in the United States must not only pay American prices for the goods, plus the cost of shipment, but 5 per cent. more to obtain the remittance. This is so because the trade is so one-sided that it is difficult to find the means of payment. In Italy the cost of obtaining a draft on New York is about 10 per cent. . . . The rate between Canada and the United States has been round 2 per cent. That has operated as a premium upon sales of merchandise or securities from Canada to the United States, and, as a penalty on sales from the United States to Canada, and illustrates the injurious effects of such a situation upon the United States' foreign trade." This explanation fits on to the cabled news.





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